THE BEE
WASHINGTON

VOL. XXXI NO 48 WASHINGTON, D. C., SATURDAY APRIL 29, 1911

Colored Republicans

ATLANTIC COUNTY REPUBLICANS GET TOGETHER.

(Special to The Bee.)

Atlantic City, April 25.

For the first time in the history of the State the colored Republicans of Atlantic City and County are united in one gigantic organization, the Atlantic County Republican League. The league is made up of the business and professional men, and the pollworkers of the city and county, whose membership therein represent the different clubs, wards and voting districts of the city and the county at large.

The game of politics is being played upon certain advanced lines throughout the State, and the Negroes realizing they hold the balance of power in Atlantic County and City, and further realizing that South Jersey depends upon the Republican vote of Atlantic to maintain political supremacy, have found it necessary to keep abreast of political progress, and have in organizing the Atlantic County League filled a long felt want of combined strength and co-operation. Indeed, so much strength has been manifested in the organization, and so much interest and enthusiasm shown by the members, many of whom are political pioneers here, and who helped to wrest the political control from the Democrats here years ago, that it has caused the leaders "up front" some little concern. The ghost of the bitter fight put up by the Young Independent Republicans some three years ago "will walk." But it is safe to say there is now no fight on the political horizon. That is to say, no fight from within. The prime object is organization for combined strength that the voters who "deliver the goods" may get due recognition and whatever patronage they merit for efficient work in the Republican party.

One of the officials of the league, when informed that it was understood the league was formed for future "bolting the party," replied: "Not so; we have no need to bolt. Everything is working harmoniously in the party," and smilingly continued, "but you see the old game is up. The probe of the investigating committee appointed by the Legislature to investigate election frauds in this city and county is the creation of a new order of things political. Then there is the Geran bill. No more wholesale importation of voters from Philadelphia and other places as has been alleged. Those who undertake to deliver the votes will have to deliver right. We, as a rule, do our part, we want the fruits thereof. That is to say, we do not intend that another petty white politician, who cannot vote a half dozen white men, shall be enriched by the prestige he gets from our suffrage."

Young Men to the Front.

"Then," concluded the official, "the younger men are coming to the front, and singularly, they won't 'fall for' what has been so long doped out to the politicians of the older order. My! times do change."

The league has planned a mammoth smoker for early in June. Two speakers of national repute have been invited as speaker-guests, for the occasion, who will make addresses upon political issues live before the colored voters of the county. All South Jersey will be represented. Thus runs the slogan, "South Jersey for the Republicans."

The officers of the league are as follows: William Casey, president; W. S. Stafford, vice president; G. Jackson and W. O. Hursey, secretaries; A. Atkinson, treasurer; Thomas Jackson, Chairman Executive Committee; I. H. Nutter, solicitor, and J. A. Lightfoot, Chairman Publicity Committee.

REDEEM THE WOMEN.

Mr. Cunningham Denounces Fashion.

Editor The Bee:

Much time and money have been spent to redeem the drunken husbands and fathers of our land and country. Even prohibition has become the watchword of many of the States of the Union. And while so much time and money is being spent to redeem man from the whisky bottle, the fact remains in blissful silence that a great majority of the women of this country have gone drunk, and have become slaves on the latest styles of dress. The crave for the latest styles of dress among women is destined to wreck more happy homes than the drink habit among men. It has come to the sad path that few women think themselves fit to be seen unless they are clad in the latest style. They have gone drunk on fashions.

And right here we wish to give this little bit of advice: Young woman, beware of the young man whom you know to be a frequent visitor to the whisky saloon. Tie up with him, if you please, and, without reform, it will only be a question of a very short time before he will make life a burden instead of pleasure to you. To the young man, beware of the young woman who vows she has "nothing to wear" unless she is dressed in the latest style. Tie up with her, if you please, and it will only be a question of a very short time before she will make your life the most miserable on earth.

And this reminds us of this hobble skirt, or "near pants craze that has seemingly robbed the most of our women of all the respect and decency they once possessed for womankind. O, it looks so graceful to see a woman dressed in a full skirt—a skirt that looks like she had enough cloth to finish it. On the other hand, it is a sad picture to see the other poor creature in her horrid looking "near pants," with hardly room enough to step. Poor things, poor would-be men! O, that they could see themselves as some of the men see them. What man is he that wants a manish woman? If there be one let him seek her that's clad in her hobble—the newly style!

We stood and looked at one of these crazy sisters try to get on a street car the other day. It was real laughable. She hardly had room enough to make it. The patience of the conductor was taxed almost beyond duration. Finally she landed safely in the car, after throwing the conductor several minutes behind time. I don't believe the street railway companies ought to be responsible for the life or limb of any woman who gets on or off their cars if she has on one of those horrible looking hobblers. Truly, some of the women have gone drunk on the latest styles of dress, and, cost what it may, some of them are going to have it. Some of the women would wear a dress, should it come into style, like the one that was worn by Mother Eve in the Garden of Eden.

This new style business has been carried to the limit, and heads of the families, not any law, should say to wife and daughter, stop!

J. C. CUNNINGHAM.

STRUGGLING FOR JOBS.

Negro Democrats Hungry—Anything From a Gutter Cleaner to a Floor Washer Will Be Acceptable.

It is amusing to see Negro Democrats struggling for jobs. They look like a hungry set of wolves.

The Capitol police have been instructed to keep them out of the halls of the House.

The room of the Speaker is being daily besieged by these new disciples of the Negro oppressors. There are many Southern Democrats who don't want to see a so-called Negro Democrat. As a matter of fact, Southern Democrats have no faith in Negro Democrats. They say we kill the Negro, disfranchise him, and force him into Jim Crow cars, and then they are Negro Democrats. Why, monkeys would have better sense than take such treatment. It is said that there are a few Negro Republicans in the House getting very large salaries. Their pay will be cut in two parts and divided between two Negroes instead of one. There will be no big salaried Negroes in the House. Several of the Negro Democrats had selected the big places held by the Negro Republicans, but before they received them they are satisfied with getting spittoon washers' places or floor "moppers." To see these colored statesmen in their flannel shirts and blue-jean pantaloons and government shoes on "mopping" up the floor is amusing. Many of these colored Democratic statesmen used to be seen walking around the city telling the mob what they expected to get from the Democratic House. Joe Johnson, who was receiving $1,800 per year as assistant stenographer, will either be dismissed or his salary cut in two parts. Mr. Johnson is a man of ability, and many a Negro Democrat made application for his place. Jim Neal still holds his job down, but there is some talk that his pay will be cut and keep him where he is. Mr. Neal is a valuable man. There is nothing that Jim doesn't know. He has more sense than many of those over him. He can find anything, he knows everybody, and everybody knows him. There were about 100 Negro Democrats after his place. They will take anything to get on the pay roll. There have been only three Negro Democrats appointed thus far.

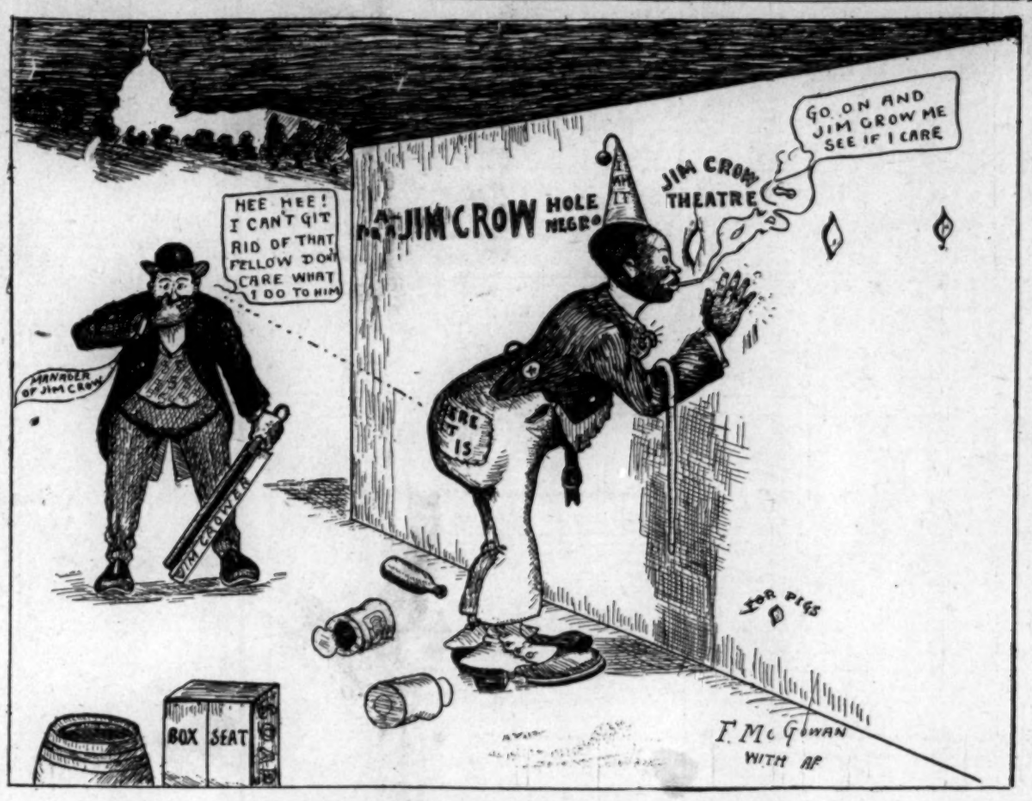
MRS. J. M. LAYTON SOUTH.

Receives an Ovation Wherever She Goes—Distinguished Woman in Demand.

Jacksonville, Fla., April 24.

Mrs. Julia Mason Layton spent Saturday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday in Jacksonville, Fla. She is there as National Inspector for Detached Corps of the South, to inspect Chas. Galnil Corps. She is stopping with Mrs. C. J. McDonnell. Sunday morning she attended divine service at Mt. Zion Church, A. M. E., the church formerly pastored by the late Rev. Welch. It is a handsome edifice. It was quarterly conference, and they reported for the quarter, $4,650.50 collected, and over 200 members added. An excellent sermon by the Presiding Elder.

Dined at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, of South Union street, one of the leading and well-to-do families of the city. Immediately after dinner Mrs. Jackson, in her handsome team, took Mrs. Layton out for a drive through Otega Park and Riverside, a most beautiful drive on the edge of the famous St. John River, returned at 6:30, and was served with ices and fruit at the lovely and commodious home of Gen. and Mrs. Taylor. Gen. Taylor is a wealthy real estate dealer. At night she attended services at Mt. Bethel Baptist Institutional Church, formerly pastored by Rev. J. Milton Waldron. This is one of the handsomest church edifices in the South. Prof. Sidney Woodward is chorister. Mrs. Layton spoke, and was received with applause. This church was closing up a handsome rally of $2,000 to pay off their indebtedness of $15,500. Dr. Ford, the pastor, is a wide-awake man. Mrs. Layton will address a woman's club Monday afternoon; the federated clubs of Jacksonville at night; Inspect the W. R. C. on Tuesday; out for an automobile spin, a picnic on Wednesday, and then to South Jacksonville, Tampa and Key West. The weather in Jacksonville is very hot now. Mrs. Layton has been out to breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper all the while she has been in Jacksonville.


HEE HEE! I CAN'T GIT RID OF THAT FELLOW DOW CARE WHAT I DO TO HIM
MANAGER OF JIM CROW
JIM CROW HOLE NEGRO
JIM CROW THEATRE
GO ON AND JIM CROW ME SEE IF I CARE
HERE IS
FOR PIGS
BOX SEAT
F. McGowan

NO MATTER WHATYOU DO TO HIM,
He Will Insist on Going Where He is Not Wanted.
NO MATTER WHAT YOU DO TO HIM, IF YOU KNOCK HIM
DOWN WITH A CLUB, HE WILL RETURN.

Man and His Duty.

Baltimore, Md., April 23.

There was an appreciative audience present today at the Grace Presbyterian Church, Dolphin and Ething streets, this city, Sunday afternoon. The occasion was a public meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. W. Calvin Chase, editor of The Bee, and a member of the local bar of Washington, was the speaker of the occasion. The subject of his address was "The Man and His Duty." Mr. W. F. DeBardleber, secretary of the association, introduced the speaker in a very flattering and complimentary address. Mr. DeBardleber is an enthusiastic worker in the association, and a very bright and intelligent young man, who is endeavoring to erect a building for the Young Men's Christian Association. He is straining every effort in this direction. Among those in the audience to listen to Mr. Chase were Prof. Mason A. Hawkins, the new principal of the Baltimore high school. Mr. Hawkins resembles Prof. DuBois very much; Mr. J. W. Thomas, who graduated from the law department of Howard University, and who is preparing for the bar association of this city, and many ladies, were also present.

The headquarters of the Young Men's Christian Association is at 1619 Druid Hill avenue.

EDITOR TROTTER

Addresses the Bethel Literary and Historical Society on Existence of Caste.

William Monroe Trotter, president of the New England Suffrage League, addressed the Bethel Literary and Historical Society of this city last Tuesday evening on "The Caste of Color." He was introduced by Rev. J. Milton Waldron, pastor of the Shiloh Baptist Church.

Mr. Trotter scored the drawing of the color line and pointed to the increase of the segregation and separation of the races, even in the North, as an alarming condition.

He said the exclusion of colored people from accommodation at hotels, restaurants, inns, barber shops, soda fountains, Y. M. C. Associations, Social Settlements and churches everywhere in the South, and in many places in the North, was a condition of life which is exasperating.

"So injurious is caste when finally fastened upon any people that it makes slaves of them and retards their progress along every line, and is destructive of everything that is noble and praiseworthy in those who perpetrate this crime," said he.

Mr. Trotter urged the colored people to resent and resist race hatred, race separation and caste distinction. He felt that the sin of caste and race segregation had not been brought to the attention of the white people of this country to any great extent, and if they were shown the evil of the thing and an earnest, widespread and persistent appeal made to the enlightened conscience of white Americans they would put an end to this evil.

REFORMERS WIN.

Will Resume Business.

The Grand United Order of True Reformers have been granted license to resume business again. The Insurance Commission on Wednesday issued license to the Grand Fountain in Richmond to do business again.

It is quite evident now that the order will be placed upon a solid financial basis.

The Passion Play, by Dr. Moten.

On Thursday morning at devotional exercises, Dr. Moten spoke to the students of Normal School No. 2 on her observation of the Passion Play at Oberammergau. After a sketch of the growth of the great miracle play from its humble beginning, Miss Moten presented an interesting description of Anton Lange—the Christus of the play. In addition to details of the training and costuming of the chorus and tableaux, many bits of local color, gleaned from the personal observations among the people of Oberammergau, were given.

This is the fourth of a series of talks on her travels that Principal Moten has given to the students and teachers of the normal school.

Doctor Moten's talks have proved the value of travel in foreign lands to the teacher. That this value is coming to be more thoroughly appreciated in educational circles is seen in the recent example of the school authorities of New York and of Philadelphia in sending two of their officials abroad for recreation and the enrichment of their culture and for consequent increase in efficiency for service.

Howard Alumni Day.

The Howard University General Alumni Association will hold a preliminary meeting on Wednesday evening, May 3, 1911, at 7:30 o'clock in the Carnegie Library Hall, Howard campus, to arrange for the annual Alumni Day and banquet. All members of the Alumni Association are invited to this meeting.

The annual exercises will occur probably on Tuesday, May 30, and will be of special interest. Further announcement in reference to them will be made later.

DURHAM AT WORK.

Dr. James E. Shepard and Judge J. C. Pritchard in the West.

Dayton, Ohio.

Judge J. C. Pritchard, of North Carolina, and Dr. James E. Shepard, of Durham, are here, and will remain one week. They spoke twice last Sunday to a large representative audience of white people. They left Sunday evening for Union City, Ind., from which place they will go to Greenville, Ohio. On Wednesday they will speak at Columbus, Ohio, and Thursday, at Cleveland. Friday night they will address the people of Canton, Ohio, the home of McKinley. Dr. Shepard will start for home Sunday, April 30, and remain over night at Washington, D. C., where he has special business to attend to.

JUSTICE STAFFORD.

His Coming Address at Durham.

Mr. Justice Wendell Phillip Stafford, of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, will, on Thursday, May 25, deliver the commencement annual address to the students of the National Religious Training School at Durham, N. C.

Justice Stafford is thoroughly sound on the race question, and while he will not make his address the basis of the race question, he will no doubt touch upon such matters pertaining to the colored people. The people of Durham will give Justice Stafford a reception that will be an honor to any citizen of his distinction. Dr. J. E. Shepard will also address the undergraduates on the evening of May 22.

Mr. Bryce to Speak.

Ambassador James Bryce, Minister to the United States from England, will address the colored men's branch of the Y. M. C. A. at the Howard Theater next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The presence of the Ambassador at the meeting will be significant in that the first Y. M. C. A. was started in England in 1842 by George Williams. The speaker will be introduced by Mr. Henry B. F. Macfarland, former Commissioner. Dr. Wilbur P. Thirkield, president of Howard University, will preside.

Lewis E. Johnson, secretary of the branch, reports that 200 new members were admitted at a recent meeting.

Cross Country Run.

Wednesday afternoon the first cross country run of the Inter-Scholastic Athletic Association was held over a course of three miles, and was won by Henry Quarles, of the Howard Academy track team, in the time of 15 minutes and 40 seconds. The athletes of Armstrong scored the next three places, and by winning 13 of the 23 points, won the handsome Dr. W. B. Evans cup, given by Captain Edwards, of the National Guard, to the team that scored the majority of points.

The event was held under the auspices of the Cross Country Committee of the I. S. A. A., and was open to scholastic entries of secondary schools and under the age of 21 years. All of the high school entries were given a medical examination by Dr. Tignor, and but one athlete failed to meet the requirements.

Quarles, of the Academy, jumped into the lead at the start and maintained it throughout. The good time made was due largely to the downgrade over which most of the run took place, and was won by the athlete who a few years ago was the first of the colored boys to qualify for a medal in the 15-mile race held by the Post three years ago.

Campbell Johnson and Rayford Logan, of M Street High, finished sixth and seventh, and with a little more experience will develop into excellent runners.

The run was conducted without a hitch.

Summaries:

The runners finished in the following order: Quarles, of Howard Academy; Warf, Walker, Bowie, Smothers, of Armstrong; Johnson and Logan, of M St.; Taylor and Tolliver, of Armstrong, and Morton, of M St.

Officials.

Committee in Charge—R. N. Mattingly, Chairman; W. DeCatur and E. B. Henderson.

Judges at the Finish—R. N. Mattingly, C. Shippen, B. Dodson, B. Washington.

Starter—E. B. Henderson.

Inspectors—W. Hartgrove, J. Burwell, J. Cowan, J. Clifford, S. Compton and J. Taylor.

Score of Points—Armstrong, 13; Howard Academy, 5; M St. High School, 5.

Elected President.

On April 20 Rev. M. W. Gilbert was elected president of Selma University, at Selma, Ala., only one vote dissenting. This is one of the largest Baptist colleges in the South. Rev. Gilbert has decided to accept.

The Y. W. C. A.

A special program of the colored Y. W. C. A. will be rendered at the Cosmopolitan Baptist Church, N street, between 9th and 10th streets northwest, Sunday, April 30, at 3:30 P. M. Mr. J. C. Napier will deliver the principal address.

PARAGRAPHIC NEWS

(By Miss G. B. Maxfield.)

President William H. P. Faunce, of Brown University, says: "The men who translated the King James Bible 300 years ago knew how to use the English language better than any body of scholars that could be gathered together in the whole world today."

Former Representative Myron Pierce, legislative counsel for the Massachusetts Milk Consumers' Association, declares more than 10,000 babies under one year of age die each year in Massachusetts, and at least 40 per cent of these deaths are caused by unclean milk.

Two portraits, which seem to have been painted in 1769, the period of Goyd's prime, have been discovered in the collection of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts by Valerian Von Loga, curator of the Berlin museum.

Theodore Roosevelt will be the principal speaker at the unveiling of a Lincoln statue in front of the courthouse in Newark, Memorial Day.

Three girls have been appointed detectives by Mayor Denton, in Sapulpa, Okla.

The historic Sicard mansion in New Rochelle, N. Y., built 250 years ago by a Huguenot family, and the scene of many festive meetings of aristocratic society in colonial days, was destroyed by fire last week.

The foot of the American woman is growing larger every year, according to the testimony of members of a New York shoe dealers' association. They claim it is because women are doing more walking and going into all sorts of out-door exercise.

Last Saturday was the first day in three years without a request for a marriage license. Cupid was resting.

April is also a month of an illustrious birth. According to the parochial register William Shakespear was born April 23, 1564.

The first railway in Japan, connecting Tokia and Yokohama, was opened in 1875. Since then new lines have been completed in many directions, and it is possible for the people to travel from extreme south to the northern boundary, a distance of over a thousand miles.

There were 1,177 persons killed and 9,067 injured on the steam railroads of Pennsylvania, and 187 killed and 4,116 hurt on electric lines during the year of 1910.

It has been suggested to name the proposed New York to Montreal international highway in honor of President Taft and the late King Edward, in recognition of their efforts in the cause of peace.

The first lighthouse for airships has just been erected on the top of a railway building at Spandau, Germany. It consists of thirty-eight powerful electric lamps, which give a glaring light skyward, the purpose of which is to guide the airships of the German army at night.

The report which originated in Dallas, Texas, that Booker T. Washington and a number of Northern Negroes would try to gain a controlling interest in the International and Great Northern Railroad, was denied by his secretary, Emmett J. Scott.

There has been placed in Illinois State Historical Society a log found by a Mr. Morgan, bearing the inscription: "A. Lincoln, March 7, 1832." Mr. Morgan is of the opinion the log was originally carved by Lincoln himself.

Postmaster General Hitchcock has ordered a new postal card of cream color, printed in red ink. The new cards will cost approximately $65,000 more than those now in use. Last year 871,318,000 postal cards were issued at a cost of $275,000, or $84,000 more than the previous year.

The will of the late Dr. Walter Remsey Brinckerhoff, a young Harvard professor, whose bride of a year died while he was studying leprosy in a leper colony in Hawaii, leaves his estate to his son; if the son does not survive, two-fifths of the property will go to Harvard to found a memorial for his wife. The value of the estate is said to be large.

Prof. T. J. J. See, Government astronomer, in charge of the naval observatory at Mare Island, Cal., says living beings exist where the stars twinkle.

A New Haven railroad colonial express made a new record. It covered a distance of 175 miles, from Boston to New Haven, making all four stops, in 182 minutes.

Native born American women have fewer children than those of any other nationality, according to figures compiled by the Department of Commerce and Labor, while the Polish women show the most.

COMMENCEMENT

National Religious Training School, Durham, N. C.

Friday, May 19—Annual musicale.

Sunday, May 21, 3:30 P. M.—Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. Augustus P. Record, D. D., pastor Church of the Unity, Springfield, Mass.

7:30 P. M.—Address to undergraduates by President James E. Shepard.

Monday, May 22, 8 P. M.—Oratorical contest.

Tuesday, May 23, 8 P. M.—Address before Literary Societies by Dr. W. P. Few, Durham, N. C., President, Trinity College.

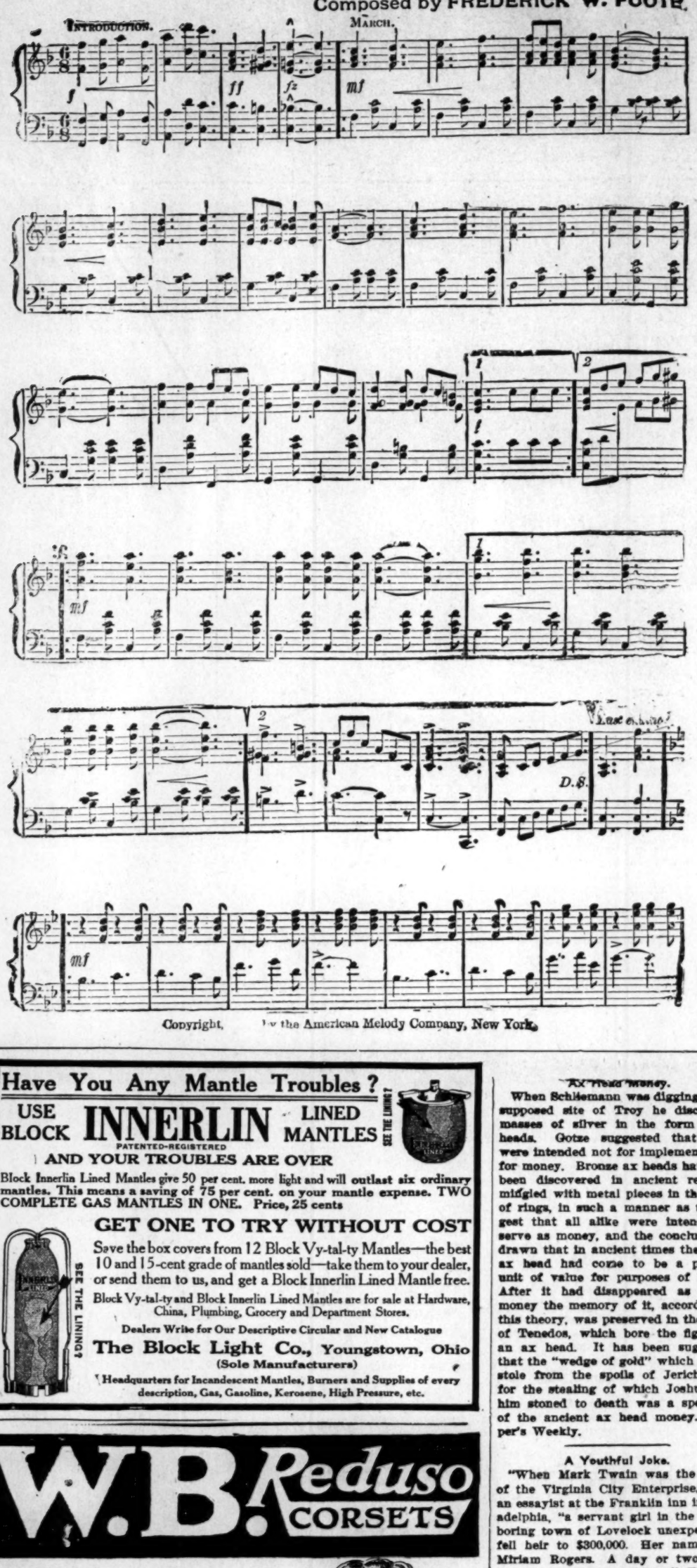
Wednesday, May 24—Class Day exercises.

Thursday, May 25, 10:30 A. M.—Commencement annual address, delivered by Justice Wendell Phillips Stafford, Supreme Court, District of Columbia, Washington, D. C.

Dedicated to Mr. Tunis r. Dean.

THE TUNISIAN MARCH.

TWO STEP.

Composed by FREDERICK W. FOOTE.

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Simple in construction, the Reduso—unhampered by straps or cumbersome attachments of any sort, transforms the figure completely.

Fabrics are staunch woven, durable materials, designed to meet the demand of strain and long wear. There are several styles to suit the requirements of all stout figures.

Style 770 (*as pictured*) medium high bust, long over hips and abdomen. Made of durable coutil or batiste, with lace and ribbon trimming. Three pairs hose supporters. Sizes 19 to 36. Price **$3.00.**

Other REDUSO models **$3.00** per pair upwards to **$10.00.**

W. B. Nuform and **Erect Form** Corsets—in a series of perfect models, for all figures, **$1.00** upwards to **$5.00** per pair.

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WEINGARTEN BROS., *Makers,* 34th St. at Broadway, New York

Ax Head Money.

When Schliemann was digging at the supposed site of Troy he discovered masses of silver in the form of ax heads. Gotze suggested that these were intended not for implements, but for money. Bronze ax heads have also been discovered in ancient remains, mingled with metal pieces in the form of rings, in such a manner as to suggest that all alike were intended to serve as money, and the conclusion is drawn that in ancient times the metal ax head had come to be a popular unit of value for purposes of barter. After it had disappeared as actual money the memory of it, according to this theory, was preserved in the coins of Tenedos, which bore the figure of an ax head. It has been suggested that the "wedge of gold" which Achan stole from the spoils of Jericho and for the stealing of which Joshua had him stoned to death was a specimen of the ancient ax head money.—Harper's Weekly.

A Youthful Joke.

"When Mark Twain was the editor of the Virginia City Enterprise," said an essayist at the Franklin inn in Philadelphia, "a servant girl in the neighboring town of Lovelock unexpectedly fell heir to $300,000. Her name was Miriam Rogers. A day or two after the announcement, while all Virginia City and Lovelock hummed with Miriam's good luck, Mark Twain printed on the editorial page of the Enterprise this paragraph:

"'If Miriam Rogers of Lovelock, who recently inherited a large fortune, will call at this office she will hear something greatly to her advantage. We are bachelors.'"—New York Press.

Surmounting a Difficulty.

A man of tact always manages to get out of a difficulty. The clerk of a parish in England whose business it was to read the first lesson in the church came across the chapter in David in which the names Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego occur twelve times.

Finding it extremely difficult to pronounce these names, he went through the chapter referring to them as "the aforesaid gentlemen."

Her Self Possession.

"Miss Oldcastle is always self possessed no matter what happens."

"Well, she ought to be seeing that she has had practice in the self possession line for at least thirty-five years."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Elusive Economy.

Economy, unlike charity, doesn't usually begin at home. In fact, economy doesn't begin anywhere as often as it should.—Atchison Globe.

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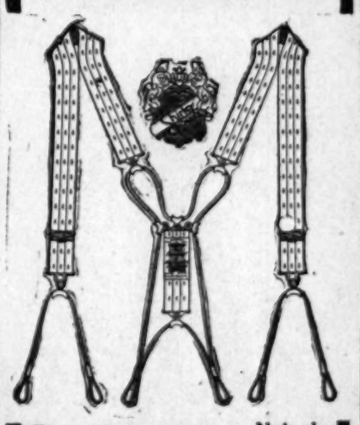

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Signed Guarantee on every pair

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.

333 MAIN STREET, SHIRLEY, MASS.

Lady Halle, of Austria, a noted performer, died last week of pneumonia. Lady Halle was born in 1840. She was appointed violinist to Queen Alexandra in 1901.

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Former Minister Komura entertained in Tokio United States Ambassador O'Brien at a congratulatory dinner in celebration of the signing of the new treaty between Japan and the United States.

Robert Lowery, noted gospel hymn writer, was unveiled last week at Plainfield, N. J.

Statistics issued by transcontinental railroads showed that 85,000 persons traveled from eastern cities to points on the Pacific coast during the thirty-five day period ending April 10.

BASEBALL.

The Gentle Side of Our National Game as Seen by a Well Known Humorist.

I have seen a quiet little Sunday afternoon game of baseball in which every man on either side told every man on his own and the other side just what he thought of his character. One captain, says Ellis Parker Butler in Success Magazine, began by telling his pitcher what he thought of him and ordered him off the field, and the pitcher remarked that if he had a catcher who knew how to catch a ball once every week or so he would be able to use some speed. This seemed to displease the catcher, and he remarked in no gentle tones about the pitcher's general ability and the shortsightedness of a captain who would have such a man on his nine. This gave pleasure to the opposing nine, and they showed it by appropriately guying remarks and were taken to task by the nine men of the other side. The 200 spectators who gathered to see the ball game then told both nines what they thought of them and were given to understand that not a man on either nine cared a faded fig for—

An hour later the umpire went home or in the direction of home, but the two captains were still discharging their men. I have seen one stout catcher discharged eight times in one seven-inning game, during which period he resigned four times of his own accord.

THE MATTERHORN.

Its Pointed Peak and the Wonderful View It Unfolds.

There are very few Alpine peaks so pointed as the Matterhorn. Some—as, for instance, Mont Blanc—are merely large lumps of frozen snow, but the Matterhorn is quite pointed and thin, composed of a ridge formed by a perpendicular wall of rock on one side and a very steep rocky slope on the other, a slope which after going a few yards at an incline breaks off sharp into a precipice.

When on the top, therefore, one is absolutely perched up between heaven and earth. Never before have I seen so much space around and below me. It is wonderful, immense, unreal. The panorama unfolded to the eyes is a superb one, an inextricable mass of peaks—Rosa, the Breithorn, the Combin, Mont Blanc, the Jungfrau and others. There at our feet lies Zermatt, seemingly a tiny toy village, where we can imagine the tourists paying their franc to the telescope man to look at us. These good folk do not dream of the great difficulty we have in keeping our feet because of the wind.

Alas, it is so cold and the position such a precarious one that about ten minutes after our arrival we are compelled to turn our steps toward the descent, which on the Alps is much more to be dreaded than the ascent.—Wide World Magazine.

Sounded Best When Silent.

In a railroad office in West Philadelphia there is an old and trusted clerk of Celtic extraction who keeps his associates in a constant state of good humor by an unending series of witticisms, interspersed occasionally with "bulls" so glaring that even he himself has to join in the laugh that invariably follows such a "break" on his part. There was some trouble on the telephone one day recently, and Mike, as he is called among his friends, lost much of his usual good nature in his efforts to get the gist of a message that was being sent from another office. The man on the other end of the wire finally became exasperated and asked Mike if he was losing his hearing.

"I can hear you all right until you begin to talk," said Mike, "and then I can't understand a word you say."—Philadelphia Times.

The Psychological Moment.

"Is Miss Wheaton at home?" asked one of the neighbors of the spinster as he called at her door to get her signature to a petition.

"She is that," responded Celia Leahy, three weeks over from Ireland and a most willing handmaiden. "Will yez step in, sorr?'

"I should like to see her on a matter of business for a few moments if she is not engaged," said the neighbor.

Celia flung wide the door and waved him in.

"If she has wan, he's neglectin' her shameful," she said in a hoarse, confidential whisper, "for 'tis three weeks tomorrer since I come here, and he's not put his fut over the t'reshold in all that toime! Sure, 'tis your chanst!"—Youth's Companion.

An Obstructionist.

"Speakin' 'bout large feet," said Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "I don't know when I was mo' insulted dan I was dis afternoon. I was standin' on de curbstone facin' de house, an' de policeman, he come along an' says I's got to turn around jes' a little."

"What foh?"

"He says pointin' my shoes de same way de street runs is de onlies' way foh me to keep fum obstructin' de sidewalk."—Washington Star.

She'd Remedy That.

Mrs. Hoyle—Your husband has a mind of his own, my husband says. Mrs. Doyle—I'll speak to him about it when he comes home.—New York Press.

Jack Ashore.

Fond Mother—You are never satisfied, Jack. When you go to sea you're homesick, and when you come home you're seasick.—London Punch.

He that loves to be flattered is worthy of the flatterer.—Shakespeare.

NERVOUS TWITCHINGS.

An Affliction From Which Many of the World's Great Men Have Suffered.

Many men of genius, like the insane, are subject to curious spasmodic and choreic movements. Professor Lombroso in one of his books pointed out that Lenau and Montesquieu left upon the floor of their rooms the signs of the movements by which their feet were convulsively agitated during composition.

Buffon, Dr. Johnson, Santeuil, Crebillon and Lombardini exhibited the most remarkable facial contortions. There was a constant quiver on Thomas Campbell's thin lips. Chateaubriand was long subject to convulsive movements of the arm.

Napoleon suffered from an habitual spasm of the right shoulder and of the lips. "My anger," he said one day after an altercation with Lowe, "must have been fearful, for I felt the vibration of my calves, which has not happened to me for a long time."

Peter the Great suffered from convulsive movements which horribly distorted his face. "Carducci's face at certain moments," writes Mantegazza, "is a veritable hurricane; lightnings dart from his eyes, and his muscles tremble." Ampere could express his thoughts only while walking and when his body was in a state of constant movement. Socrates often danced and jumped in the street without reason.

FRENCH TRADESMEN.

Bows and Smiles and Flattery All Used In Business.

"Bon jour, madame." This in a cordial tone and accompanied by a ready smile is the welcome of your French tradesman or tradeswoman. With lowly bows and widespreading smiles he shows himself delighted to serve you. If you look over everything in the shop and buy only the wing of a chicken, yet he will just as smilingly bow you out and hope to see you again.

Once I entered my milkman's speckless shop and was met by Monsieur Jean himself. "Oh, Monsieur Jean," I smiled, "I am so sorry! Your milk is so delicious, but I find that I cannot use all of 4 cents' worth a day." Monsieur Jean was all sympathy, understanding at once, and answered, "But, madame, let me send you half that quantity, 2 cents' worth—1 cent's worth—what you will." And with a shrug and a smile, as if to say, "What is 2 cents' worth of milk compared with the honor of your patronage?" he put my fears to rest.

This subtle flattery of the tradesman is really good business. One is only human, and it is so pleasant to be a person of consequence! I resolved on the spot to buy all my butter and cheese from Monsieur Jean, as well as the milk.—New Idea Woman's Magazine.

A Dog and a Song.

During one of the last birthday celebrations of the poet Whittier he was visited by a celebrated oratorio singer. The lady was asked to sing, and, seating herself at the piano, she began the beautiful ballad "Robin Adair." She had hardly begun before Mr. Whittier's pet dog came into the room and, seating himself by her side, watched her as if fascinated, listening with a delight unusual in an animal. When she finished he came and put his paw very gravely into her hand and licked her cheek. "Robin takes that as a tribute to himself," said Mr. Whittier. "He also is Robin Adair." The dog, hearing his own name, evidently considered that he was the hero of the song. From that moment during the lady's visit he was her devoted attendant. He kept by her side when she was indoors and accompanied her when she went to walk. When she went away he carried her satchel in his mouth to the gate and watched her departure with every evidence of distress.

Courtship In China.

A curious custom prevails at Huayninghsien, in Kwangsi. On the fifteenth day of the first month in each year all the young ladies and gentlemen take a walk to the Yenyen mountain. Each damsel carries a little box, which she deposits at the foot of the hill. Any young gentleman desirous of entering the bonds of matrimony may select one of the boxes and take it away with him, whereupon the fair owner of the box makes herself known, and an acquaintanceship is thus formed. Ill assorted matches are not likely to occur, as this custom is observed only among the well to do classes of society.

Rattled.

A nervous looking man walked into a grocery store with his baby on one arm and a kerosene can on the other, placed the can on the counter and said, "Sit there a moment, dear." Then, holding the baby up to the dazed clerk, he added, "Fill this thing up with kerosene."—Argonaut.

Cheerful.

Old Nurse (to newly married couple after viewing the wedding presents)—Well, my dears, you ought to be very 'appy. There ain't a thing amongst 'em as a pawnbroker wouldn't be pleased to 'andle.—London Punch.

A Kicker.

"Got a new baby at your house, have you? Boy or girl?"

"Girl, but she's an anarchist. She hasn't done a thing but howl indignant protests against existing conditions since she came."—Chicago Tribune.

The understanding is always the dupe of the heart.—La Rochefoucauld.

EFFECT OF SUGGESTION.

Its Influence Is Powerful and Can Fill Our Lives With Gladness or Misery.

There is nothing that plays so important a part in the daily life of men and women as does suggestion, says H. Addington Bruce in the Delineator. Mentally, morally and to a large extent physically we are what we are because of its influence. Suggestion can make of us saints or criminals, heroes or cowards. It can lift us from beds of sickness or doom us to a hopeless invalidism. It can fill our lives with gladness or with misery. It is a great force ceaselessly operative, unescapable. But it is a force that we can nevertheless direct and utilize if we only understand its laws, and the more wisely, the more persistently, the more thoroughly we use it, the happier and healthier we shall be.

No matter how many setbacks come, keep repeating to yourself optimistic autosuggestions. Repetition is one of the most forceful instruments of suggestion. There is a great truth underlying the familiar saying "As a man thinketh, so is he." Moreover, you can utilize the law of repetition to draw from your surroundings beneficial suggestions that will powerfully re-enforce your autosuggestions. You can do so because every detail in your environment is of suggestive value to you, and, although no one can make this environment all that it should be, nevertheless it is quite within your power to modify it in such a way that it will give you a maximum of helpful and a minimum of harmful suggestions.

A FAMOUS TIMEPIECE.

The Astronomical Clock at Hampton Court Palace.

The famous astronomical clock at Hampton Court palace, near London, is the first timepiece of that character erected in England and was made for Henry VIII. in 1540. According to Ernest Law, the historian of Hampton Court palace, it was the creation of Nicholas Cratzer, a German astronomer, who visited England at the invitation of Cardinal Wolsey, who introduced him to the king.

It is possible to learn from it the hour, the month, the day of the month, the position of the sun and the number of days since the beginning of the year, phases of the moon and its age, the hour at which it crosses the meridian and the time of high water at London bridge. The winding of the clock occupies half an hour every week. The weights descend to a depth of more than sixty feet.

Like many other things about the palace, it has its legends. It is related that when Anne of Denmark, queen of James I., died in the palace the clock, which was striking 4 at the moment, immediately stopped. This it is said to do whenever any old resident in the palace dies within its precincts, and alleged modern instances of the fact are quoted solemnly by the credulous.—Argonaut.

How He Won Her.

A man who married his stenographer won her through sheer persistency. Although it was evident to the wooer that the young woman did not regard him entirely without favor, he found it extremely difficult to get her to listen to his plea. The stenographer refused to lunch, sup or go to the theater with her admirer. Finding every avenue of approach blocked, the determined courter, who possessed some literary facility, wrote a short love story, in which the girl and he were the leading figures. This story he sent to the stenographer every morning for a month and ordered her to typewrite it for him. She dared not refuse to do as her employer commanded, and, realizing through the story that he would never give up until she married him, she finally acquiesced.—Chicago Record-Herald.

They Paid the Price.

The corporation of the city of Glasgow wanted to purchase the Whistler portrait of Carlyle and in due course waited on the master of the gentle art of making enemies about the price (1,000 guineas). They admitted it was a magnificent picture, but "Do you not think, Mr. Whistler, the sum a wee, wee bit excessive?"

"Didn't you know the price before you came to me?" asked the master, with suspicious blandness.

"Oh, aye, we knew that!" replied the corporation.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Whistler in his suavest tones, "let's talk of something else." And as there was nothing else of interest to detain the "corporation" they paid the price and made an excellent bargain.

Airy.

"I'm looking for a breezy march," said the bandmaster in a Chestnut street music store the other day.

"How about this one dedicated to the Aero club?" the facetious clerk asked.

"I suppose it is written for wind instruments," the bandmaster countered.

"Well, the air is easy," the clerk shot back, and the interchange stopped.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Well Satisfied.

"Old Grabber ought to be satisfied with the money he has."

"He is satisfied—so much so that he wants a lot more of exactly the same kind."—London Tit-Bits.

Already Done.

Pa—But, young man, do you think you can make my girl happy? Suitor—Do I? Say, I wish you could 'a' seen her when I proposed.—Cleveland Leader.

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FAMOUS GOODWOOD.

Something About a Historic English Race Course.

The Goodwood race course is quite unique. It is a long way from a station and is not near any town, says the London Tatler. It is on a hill the top of which is shaped like a horseshoe, the space between the two horns being represented by a deep ravine. The course runs round the horseshoe, the start being at the end of one horn and the finish at the end of the other. The result of this is that the equestrians who on other courses contrive to see both start and finish by the simple process of riding across while the race is in progress cannot do so at Goodwood. They must elect which they will see and remain there. On the other hand, the course is very easy to follow with glasses.

The races as an institution are comparatively modern, but there must have been hunt races and matches on this course since the days of William III., when we hear of the Goodwood hunt as in existence. In 1800, however, the then Duke of Richmond made a new course, which is practically the present one. In 1801 the course was completed, and in order to celebrate this a regular meeting was got up by the duke with the assistance of the hunt and some officers of the Sussex militia and yeomanry, and prizes to the value of about £1,000 were put up. This meant a good sum in those days. This was the first Goodwood meeting of importance, and from that year it became an annual event.

An Amendment.

"Are you ready to live on my income?" he asked softly.

She looked up into his face trustingly.

"Certainly, dearest," she answered, "if—if"—

"If what?"

"If you get another one for yourself."—New York Journal.

The Dreaded Doctor.

"How did you like your dinner?" inquired the epicure.

"Well," answered the dyspeptic, "it was admirable in every respect. But my doctor has put me into such an apprehensive frame of mind that whenever I really enjoy eating anything I become utterly miserable."

MISS WISE SERVANT.

She Was Too Well Posted on the Right of Employer and Employed.

"Some girls may be green and easily imposed upon," said the woman, "but just as many more can give their employers points on law. The girl that came to my house the other day from an employment agency knew more in a minute about the rights of employer and employed than I would know in a year. About the first thing she did was to look out at that big hole in the ground at the other end of the lot, where they are preparing to build. She said:

"'If I should break any dishes while that building is going up you couldn't make me pay for them.'

"I asked why not, and she informed me that a girl working in a building that is likely to be shaken by blasting is protected by the same rule that governs employees in a dining car. Owing to the insecurity they are allowed $20 a month for breakage. Dishes valued at less than $20 may be smashed with impunity. She gave me a printed account of the trouble of two friends who had thrashed that matter out in court and had been sustained in their contention for a twenty dollar leeway. I didn't employ that girl. I don't want to impose upon any girl, but I didn't want to hire one who knows that she can smash my best dishes up to $20 worth and get off without paying damages."—New York Press.

ANCIENT BRIDGES.

Some Built Before the Christian Era Still Standing In China.

Suspension bridges which were built in the time of the Han dynasty (202 B. C. to 220 A. D.) are still standing, striking examples of oriental engineering skill. According to historical and geographical writers of China, it was Shang Lieng, Kaen Tsu's chief of command, who undertook to construct the first public roads in the Flowery empire.

At that time it was almost impossible for the province of Shense to communicate with the capital. Lieng took an army of 10,000 workmen and cut great gorges through the mountains, filling up the canyons and valleys with the debris from his excavations. At places where deep gorges were traversed by large and rapidly flowing streams he actually carried out his plan of throwing suspension bridges, stretching from one slope to the other.

These crossings, appropriately styled "flying bridges" by early Chinese writers, are high and dangerous looking in the extreme. At the present day a bridge may still be seen in the Shense which is 400 feet long and is stretched over a chasm more than 1,000 feet deep. How those early engineers erected such a structure with the tools and appliances at their command is a mystery which will probably never be explained.

Birds and Insect Life.

Men of science are generally agreed that birds are nature's great check on the excess of insects and that they maintain the balance between plant and insect life. Ten thousand caterpillars, it has been estimated, could destroy every blade of grass on an area of cultivated land. The insect population of a single cherry tree infested with aphides has been estimated by a prominent entomologist at no less than 12,000,000. The bird population of cultivated country districts has been estimated at from 700 to 1,000 per square mile. This is small compared with the number of insects, yet as each bird consumes hundreds of insects every day the latter are prevented from becoming the scourge they would be but for their feathered enemies.—Harper's Weekly.

A Paper Restaurant.

Hamburg, Germany, has an eating house made of paper. Its walls are composed of a double layer of paper stretched on frames and impregnated with a fire and water proof solution. A thin wooden partition affords further protection from the inclemency of the weather. Roofs and walls are fastened together by means of bolts and hinges so that the entire structure may be taken apart and put together again. The dining room itself measures 30 by 6 meters and is capable of accommodating 150 people. There are twenty-two windows and four skylights, and the heating is done by two isolated stoves. A side erection contains the manager's office, kitchen, larder and dwelling room. The total cost was $350.—Detroit Free Press.

His Alternative.

Even at the tender age of four little Benny was considering his future occupation. "Mamma," he said, "when I'm a man I'm going to have a wagon and drive around collecting ashes."

"Why, Benny," exclaimed his mother in horror, "mamma doesn't want her little boy to be an ash man."

"Well, then," replied Benny with a very self sacrificing air, "I suppose I could collect swill."—Delineator.

An Anomaly.

The average young woman doesn't like to see her thirtieth birthday. Yet when she has seen it she would like to see it again.—Smart Set.

The Pets.

Wifey (at the hotel office)—The clerk says they don't take pets, Algy, so I suppose Fido and you will have to put up in the basement.—Life.

So Feminine.

Lottie—I wouldn't be in Kittie's shoes for anything in the world. Hattie—Of course not. They hurt you terribly.—Harper's Bazar.

OUR FIRST MINT.

Some of the Rules and Regulations That Were In Force There Over a Hundred Years Ago.

The first United States mint at Philadelphia was naturally a very unpretentious affair. The material for coinage was secured from abroad. There was found much difficulty to get any one of experience to operate the coinage, and the salary list of the first mint employees was: David Rittenhouse, director, $2,000 per annum; Tristram Dalton, treasurer, $1,200; Henry Voight, coiner, $1,500; Isaac Hugh, clerk, $312.

The regular coinage of copper began in 1793, silver in 1794 and gold in 1795. The following curious extracts are taken from the mint rules and regulations of the early days:

"The allowance under the name of drink money is hereafter to be discontinued.

"The operations of the mint throughout the year are to commence at 5 o'clock in the morning.

"Christmas day and the Fourth of July—and no other days—are established holidays at the mint.

"He (watchman) will keep in a proper arm chest, securely locked, a musket and bayonet, two pistols and a sword.

"The watchman must attend from 6 o'clock in the evening to 5 o'clock in the morning, must ring the yard bell every hour and send the watchdog through the yard immediately after ringing the bell."

Besides the Philadelphia mint, which is now established in palatial quarters at Seventeenth and Spring Garden streets, there are mints at San Francisco, Denver and New Orleans and an assay office at Carson City.

OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

It Linked the Twelfth Century With the Eighteenth.

For centuries old London bridge, with its double row of houses, was the home of generations who lived and traded over the Thames waters.

Holbein lived and painted there. Osborne, the prentice lad, leaped through a window in the house of his master, Sir William Hewet, to the rescue of Sir William's daughter, who had fallen into the swollen flood of the river below, and by winning her for his wife laid the foundation of the ducal house of Leeds. Crispin Tucker had his shop on the bridge, to which Pope and Swift and many another author of fame made pilgrimages to purchase books and gossip with the waggish shopkeeper. Crocker's Dictionary was printed "at the Looking Glass on London bridge," and gigantic corn mills dominated the south end of the structure, not many yards from the wonderful Nonsuch House, a huge wooden pile with turrets and cupolas brought from Holland.

Such in brief outline was the London bridge which linked the twelfth with the eighteenth century and which when it was on its last tottering legs was removed to give place to its fine successor of our day, the stone in which is said to be "nearly double that employed in building St. Paul's cathedral."—Montreal Standard.

His Danger.

In these days of almost pre-eminent German music and musicians it is rather amusing to read the opinions of former generations concerning Teutonic singers.

Frederick the Great was so impolitely unpatriotic as to declare that he would rather hear the neighing of a horse than the singing of a German prima donna. Perhaps in his day there was some excuse for such a remark, but the times have changed.

There is a diverting anecdote of an Italian who was convinced that no German could sing. A friend induced him to go to the opera where Henriette Sontag sang. After hearing her first aria the Italian got up to go. The friend urged him to stay, assuring him that he would be convinced soon.

"I know it," replied the Italian, "and that's why I go."

Doves and Coronations.

At the ancient ceremonies of coronation of the French kings after the anointing had been performed some white doves were let loose in the church. This was supposed to symbolize the power of the Holy Ghost in directing the king's actions. A similar idea seems to have inspired all early kings, for among the English regalia is the rod of equity or the scepter with the dove. This is simply a golden rod with a mound at the top, which supports a cross. On this cross is a dove, fashioned of white enamel, with expanded wings. Some fine diamonds ornament the rod in various places.

Gender of Garlic.

"Why is garlic masculine gender?" asked the man who markets. "It must be masculine because the greengrocers I buy from call it 'he.' They are mostly Italians and ought to know the sex of garlic if anybody does. Of all the vegetables and aromatic herbs I buy garlic is the only one to which masculine virtues are ascribed. Everything else is neuter. To call garlic 'it' would be an insult. The garlic, he is fresh, he is fine, he is cheap, he is dear. Funny, isn't it?"—New York Times.

He Had Quit.

"You say you have quit smoking?"

"Yep; never going to smoke again."

"Then why don't you throw away those cigars?"

"Never! I threw away a box of good cigars the last time I quit smoking, and it taught me a lesson."—Houston Post.

Not what you do, but how you do it, is the test of your capacity.—Studley.

THE BEE

PUBLISHED
AT
1109 Eye St. N. W., Washington, D. C.

W. CALVIN CHASE, EDITOR

Entered at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., as second-class mail matter.

ESTABLISHED 1884.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy per year in advance	$2.00
Six months	1.00
Three months	.50
Suscription monthly	.20

DON'T CROW TOO LUSTILY.

Last Summer Dr. Booker T. Washington while abroad was feted and dined and paid the highest honors by the seers and peers of the old world. Royalty and the plain common people vied with each other in doing this great race leader honor. In some of his speeches he spoke in an optimistic tone of his people in the United States. Hardly had he returned to his native shore before Dr. DuBois had prepared and sent broadcast an address to the people of England criticizing Dr. Washington for his optimism. The aim of the author of "The Souls of Black Men" was to discredit Dr. Washington, not alone in the minds of the people of England, but of the people of this country. Dr. DuBois is now abroad, but unlike Dr. Washington he is not being honored to any alarming extent. In fact in "Merry Old England" when a dinner was proposed for Dr. DuBois, and the invitations were sent out, recipients fell over themselves, fairly jostled each other, in cancelling their acceptance and declining acceptance of invitations. Now we regret this exceedingly. We regret it because it savored of race predjudice, and that too against a very learned professor. But the point is that the very people to whom, a few months ago, Dr. DuBois appealed to discredit one of his own race, and the foremost at that, now refuses to accept Dr. DuBois at his face value. It may be that the Doctor's impertinent and highly improper address to the people of England against a member of his own race may have aroused or accentuated race prejudice in England. And it may be that the people of England entertain such a low estimate for a knocker and such a high estimate of the unselfish man of deeds that the cancelling of acceptance and declination of invitations to a dinner in honor of Dr. DuBois was meant simply as a personal rebuke to him. The incident only goes to show that it is best not to crow too lustily before you are safe out of the woods. Now will Dr. DuBois write another appeal?

BISHOP WALTERS' DEMOCRACY.

The good Bishop Walters delivered an address before Bethel Literary Society here last week in which he advocated a division of the Negro vote between the Democrats and Republicans. Most of the Bishop's logic was of the spurious kind, the kind usually pronounced logic by he who delivers it, but recognized by the public as simply sophistry. His argument, stripped bare, was simply that in order to secure an equitable share of the spoils of office it is proper and necessary to divide our vote between the Democrats and Republicans. Now or class, primarily to secure offices, any division of votes of any race would not be countenanced by the people. A division of vote on economical grounds, in order to secure just laws and a just arrangement of prices upon articles of necessity, is countenanced, but the race or class that divides its vote merely to secure offices is usually a race or class that secures, at best, but a temporary benefit, and that benefit is enjoyed only by a few.

As long as the Democratic party is controlled by the southern wing of that party it is not safe for the Negro to give that party its vote, and there will never be a cordial invitation delivered to us to vote the Democratic ticket. The South has disfranchised the Negro vote in practically every southern state, a section where the Democratic party is supreme. It requires a very strong assumption of logic to advocate an association with a thief who means to rob you, and whose record of robberies is extended. And it requires only a desire for the glittering gold to advocate the giving of the Negro's vote to a party that has boldly robbed us of our rights, and which arrogantly and audaciously continues to rob us of civil and political rights. Bishop Walters may go with the Democrats if he likes, but as long as that party continues as the defiant enemy of our race he must not expect sane, sensible, honest men of the race to follow him.

NEGRO LEADERSHIP.

With a few exceptions, and a very few at that, Negro leadership is so far degenerated that there is not enough left to tell a brief history of its existence. It is a mistaken idea that some colored people have that office holding is evidence of good leadership. The Bee is of the opinion, and many agree with it, that some of the Negro appointments under this administration are the weakest of any that have been made since Negro leadership amounted to anything. Some of the Negroes who hold office under this administration — The Bee means Presidential appointments —would not be able to hold down a first-class clerkship. A Negro who hasn't been used to holding an office, will shake when he is talking with or comes in contact with white people. The great trouble with many of the Presidential appointments of Negroes is they have deputies, they run the office.

We have never had but two Recorders of Deeds, namely, Matthews, of Albany, and Trotter, of Massachusetts. Although they served under a Democratic administration, they exercised the functions of their office.

It is a reflection on the Negro race to have Negroes in office who are too cowardly to run them. To an extent, this present Negro leadership is a disgrace to modern civilization.

Away with it.

DOUBTS HIS OWN ABILITY.

Some writers are of the opinion that a colored man could not properly manage Howard University. Such men doubt their own ability, may be true, but there are colored men in this country who are just as competent to be President of Howard University as Dr. Thirkield, and are fully able to get as much money from Congress. The Bee is confident that Dr. Thirkield has not the respect and confidence of the colored people, and his influence at Howard University is being daily lessened.

The resignation of the present incumbent would be universally appreciated. Some people seem to think that his connection with a colored institution has depreciated his social standing among the colored people. If he entertains a similar opinion, The Bee is of the opinion that his resignation is the best thing for the institution. No white man knows the colored race as well as one of its own members. He may have done some good, but his recent action has been the basis of lost confidence among the more liberal-minded colored people in this country. Nothing will satisfy the colored masses but his resignation.

A MAN.

We need such men in this country today as ex-Gov. P. B. S. Pinchback. He is no coward, which was fully demonstrated in New York at the time Dr. Washington was assaulted. At the Bethel Literary last Tuesday, the friends of Dr. Washington were numerous, but they were too cowardly to rise and defend him against the assault of Mr. Mannings, a white man of Georgia, and apparently a personal friend of Recorder Henry Lincoln Johnson. The friends of Dr. Washington were afraid to open their mouths. Mr. Mannings' reference to the New York incident was unmanly, to say the least, and had the editor of The Bee been present he would have resented such an insult.

Mr. Washington's explanation of the New York incident was sufficient, and it is a piece of impudence for a white man in a supposed cultured society to use the language that Mr. Mannings used. Some of the so-called friends of Dr. Washington who were present and heard this were too cowardly to resent it.

The Bee is confident that had ex-Gov. Pinchback been present he would have resented, because he is A MAN.

CHOOSE TODAY.

It should not be a hard matter for the colored voters of this country to choose as to which of the two political parties they would support in the campaign of 1912. All that the colored voter possesses today he received from the Republican party. Let us admit that there is a great deal of prejudice in both parties against the colored voter. Can we not see that this prejudice is the creation of the Democratic party? There is nothing that we can gain from the Democratic party. How will a few offices benefit the colored voter when his rights are taken from him?

The colored voter is safer under Republican rule than he is under Democratic rule.

Let us choose today to which party we will ally ourselves. Let us not be slow in choosing. The so-called insurgent Senators have shown no disposition to defend the civil and political rights of the colored voter. Why, then, should we hesitate?

Let us choose today.

HOW TO DISCRIMINATE.

Banquets will do, and they are all right when they are gotten up properly and by the proper persons. A public man should be careful and not allow himself to fall into the hands of keepers of sporting houses. Some colored men have an idea that they represent something when they attach to their names a misnomer.

There are, in this city, a few decent and respectable public inns, and when a public man comes to the city he should be careful and know where he is going, or before he comes write for information.

Grafters should not be at the head of any enterprise, and in this, particularly, public men should be extremely careful with whom they associate. A man who is not a fit subject to visit our homes is not a fit subject for us to associate with. The great mistake of colored men is, they are not careful enough. They don't know how to discriminate socially. Colored society doesn't know how to discriminate socially.

WHERE WERE HIS FRIENDS?

No matter what kind of a white man goes in among colored people, no matter what kind of colored people, they will applaud that man, no matter what he may say against a member of their race. The ignorant set of Negroes who attended the Bethel Literary last Tuesday night and allowed that man Mannings, from Georgia, to attack Dr. Washington, are as bad as he is. There were a number of Dr. Washington's friends there. Why didn't they rise and defend him from the personal assault that was made upon him?

So-called intelligent Negroes are as big cowards as the ignorant classes.

RACE PREJUDICE.

This was in substance the subject of the address of Editor James Monroe Trotter, at the Bethel Literary last Tuesday night. Many things said by the speaker The Bee agreed with, especially his reference to separate Y. M. C. A.'s. The Bee was the first to denounce separate Christian Associations. These separate religious bodies have never been approved or indorsed by this paper. That is not the kind of religion The Bee believes in. Colored men who favor segregation admit their own inferiority. Editor Trotter had a very appreciative audience to greet him. His speech lacked blood and thunder, which are the characteristic remarks of the speaker.

NEW JERSEY REPUBLICANS.

News reaches us from our special correspondent at Atlantic City, N. J., to the effect that the colored Republicans have gotten together. The Bee is glad to know it, because nothing can be done by division. There is nothing in the Democratic party for the colored man. There is one thing certain: there may be some Republicans against us, but The Bee has never known a Republican Senator or Representative to vote for or offer "Jim Crow" legislation.

The colored Republicans of Atlantic City show good sense.

Good morning.

Have you received an anonymous letter yet?

The new Register of the Treasury has not yet essayed to spellbinding.

Cyrus Field Adams continues to hold down the Assistant Registery of the Treasury. He won't resign, and he opposes removal.

Some men think that a public office is a private snap. Such men usually experience an enforced retirement which always spells oblivion.

Although the Odd Fellows' Journal has now been published in Washington for two months, it has not caused a ripple of excitement. And it shows little signs of improvement.

Hon. Charles D. Hilles, the new secretary to the President, seems to fill a long-felt want. He is making friends for his chief every day, and incidentally assisting the deserving.

There is no harder working official, and none more capable, connected with the Department of Justice than James A. Cobb, Special Assistant United States District Attorney. The career of Mr. Cobb, coming all the way from the bottom, unassisted, and who has had to tread the wine press alone, is an inspiration to all young colored men, and a high tribute to his race. Mr. Cobb has won his laurels unaided.

Athletic Sport.

For the first time in four years M Street High School has a baseball team, and inaugurated the season with a victory on Monday over the Interior Department team by the score of 9 to 6. The batting of Morton and p'tching of Jackson, of the school team, were features of the contest. The game proceeded to an extra inning, and was decided in the tenth by a two-bagger, driven by Morton, of the High School team.

Coaches Menard and Houston are pleased with the work of their charges.

Summary.

M. St. H. S.. 2 0 1 0 1 0 2 0 0 3—9
Interior ..... 0 1 1 0 1 1 0 2 0 0—6

Batteries—Jackson and Hayes, for M St. H. S.; Longus, Keyes and Turner.

Umpire—Dandridge.

It should be interesting to all to know that the Health League of Young Men's Christian Association has been launched. The Health League will have a membership of 10,000 individuals in this country, and will issue bulletins and use influence in the interest of national health. Each member subscribes a dollar, and will be sent at intervals bulletins and books dealing with health and hygiene topics worth several dollars. A committee of 100 of the most prominent philanthropists, municipal authorities, physical training experts, writers and educators, are directing the effort. The chief endeavor at present is the establishment of a national department of health to effect measures for health in manner akin to the methods of the Department of Agriculture.

Ten members in any city may, through the local Y. M. C. A., form a local chapter, and be entitled to the use of the health service material, consisting of prepared lectures and slides. Some of the topics are: Alcohol, Prevention of Tuberculosis, Play and Playgrounds, and Child Hygiene. The first bulletins have been issued, and those desiring information should apply at once to the office of the local Y. M. C. A.

Armstrong Technical High School will have a large and well equipped gymnasium in the addition to the present building, which will be erected this Summer. The plans have been submitted and approved, and building operations will probably begin at the close of the present session. Two spacious gymnasiums were recently fully equipped in the new Sumner High School of St. Louis, Mo., which school is probably the finest devoted to high school education of the colored youth in the country, and the only colored school with a first-class gymnasium.

Now that Armstrong is to have a splendidly equipped gymnasium, with M Street High and the Y. M. C. A. to be supplied similarly in the near future, it looks as though the Washington youth of the race will soon be furnished with the opportunities for vital development that have been a long time denied them.

Following the plan adopted generally now-a-days, the "gym" will be available for large assembly purposes, lectures and exhibitions.

Prof. Hawkins.

The new principal of the Baltimore City High School, Prof. Mason A. Hawkins, has a most interesting little family. Mr. Hawkins was formerly a teacher in the Baltimore High School. He has two very interesting little boys.

Grogan.

If you want first-class furniture of every description, Grogan's is the place to go.

Public Men And Things

(By the Sage of the Potomac.)

(By the Sage of the Potomac.)

Did you ever stop to thing that every man whose Christian name is Robert is a contrary fellow? Well, all are. Now just recall all the men you know whose first name is Robert, starting with Robert LaFollette, and run down the line of Roberts. Now Bob Pelham is about the most pesteriferous and the most argumentative mink-shaded 145 pounds of humanity about these diggings, and he's about the most resourceful, too. Bob is always ready for an argument, and never agrees with you on anything. If the sun was at meridian on an August day in the tropics, and sending down its slants with an intensity that would boil water, and you should meet Bob and say it's hot, it's an hundred cents to a pretzel that Bob would proceed to argue that it was cool—so cool that frost was in sight for the night. If you should say to Bob that the Detroit baseball club could not win the pennant, it's a gallon of pure cream to a gill of skimmed milk that Bob would start an argument which would deteriorate into a Marquis of Queensbury affair. And when Bob gets to arguing he always pitches his voice loud enough to wake up all the mummified saints that lie buried in the catacombs. You, yourself, don't know a d—n thing when Bob starts to argufy, and there's nothing that he doesn't know save that one sentence, "O, for the love of Mike, be reasonable." But he's a young man yet—not over sixty—and is bound to learn that occasionally other men have an opinion. Bob Pelham is an old newspaper man, and most of these newspaper fellows are contentious critics and differating bundles of conceit. "It's the nature of the beast." But I want to bore a gimlet hole into your brain, just big enough to funnel through the information that there "ain't" a man on the District map whose got more energy than this immigrant from Detroit. And he's got both native and acquired ability to spare. If you want to get up something, and want it to be a success, just interest Bob Pelham. Tell him he's free to shoot the chutes, free to race around the circle without bit or bridle, and he'll work his flesh off to make it a success, and if he doesn't make it a success it's just because you have handed him a gold brick. In Michigan the name Pelham is one to conjure with. It's a sight draft that will be honored in any ward of the City of the Straits. Washington Negroes have gained much by his locating here without giving him anything in return. Bob's got a peculiarly constructed and ladened brain. There's a streak of pugnacity, a layer of real ability, a modicum of reasonableness, a chunk of inventiveness, and a lot of go-aheaditiveness. And that body of his is energy driven by a lots bigger brain than many give him credit for. Bob never posed as an Adonis—just couldn't—and he never essayed to be a fashion plate—just can't—but as a fellow of parts, and 14-karat parts at that, he belongs in the classy class. If Bob Pelham should drop out of Washington, believe me, he would leave an aching void, and that's the truth in big letters.

* * *

If the dyspepsiated zephyrs should waft into your lobed orifices a voice that is deep-toned like a cathedral bell ringing for a funeral, or as tragedic as was the voice of John McCullough in the Gladiator, there's no use to turn around to see who holds the first trust on that voice. Just set it down as a safe Monte Carlo roulet bet that it's Prof. Tunnell's stentorian, oratorical nightmare of a voice. Now who is Prof. Tunnell? Well, as the boys used to say up at Howard, "he's Prof. Tunnell, that's all." Prof. Tunnell, or rather Dr. Tunnell, between teaching hypothetic preaching and an erroneous suspicion that he is an orator, led a quiet, uneventful, though beneficial life, around Howard hill for many years. About a year ago a little siren buzzed a bit of conceit into his ear which led him to believe that he was the one superlative genius who could bring order out of supposed chaos in the public schools. To make a story short, he aspired and got on the school board, and at once hooked up with Mr. Horner, presumably on the theory that birds of a feather should flock together, and because, to use the characterization of the late and unlamented Dr. Chancellor, they both had the features of white men and the characteristics of Negroes. Since he got on the two have been near-Siamese twins. Of course it was a mistake for the Doctor to get into this public school maelstrom. No one connected with Howard University ought to be connected with the public schools, and the trustees should establish a rule to this effect. Instead of clearifying the school waters, Dr. Tunnell has muddied them. He hasn't added anything to himself, and he hasn't added anything to the school situation but discord. The stork found Prof. Tunnell on one of those West India islands under British rule, and, like all guinea pigs and human possibilities that are born on English islands, he is as smart as they make them—heap big brains. But when he got on the school board he became a victim of dissipating circumstances, a figure of near-impotency. I have started several times to indite an embossed letter to the Doctor advising him that if he desired to save his face and preserve his stentorian voice for the heathen of future ages, he ought to some night dream that he had resigned from the school board, and on the next morning do the stunt which would confirm the claim that dreams are premonitions of what is to happen. Dr. Tunnell graces the faculty of Howard University with much credit and much dignity. In fact he's long on dignity. As a professor who has left an imprint of good upon the many students who have left the classic precincts of Howard to solve this race problem, Dr. Tunnell will remain a green and delightful memory for years. As a member of the school board he will be voluntarily forgotten before the birds fly south. I have always admired Dr. Tunnell, and I have the deepest reverence for his ability as a professor, preacher and teacher. Like the bull dog who tore the fleshy part off of the tramp's leg, he means well. When a college professor gets into anything that savors of politics he is in the whirlpool rapids before he knows it. If Dr. Tunnell will only stand pat on his college professorship he can't help but win the jack pot, for he holds a splendid hand—a royal flush of brains. It's good that Howard has him on her faculty.

* * *

Well, I am mighty glad that that bunch of beauties and collection of symmetrically formed legs, known as "His Honor the Barber Co." has left the Howard Theater. Somehow or another I just couldn't resist the temptation of going there every other night and wishing I was there the nights I missed. I liked Aida Walker's movements, they were so suggestively graceful; and I like that tall, graceful lady down on the program as Mrs. Anderson, and I secretly admired that very embonpont lady who assumed the role of the old man's daughter, but those diminutive creatures on the end who deported themselves, in the dance, like Parisian denizens of the Apache district, certainly caught my eye. I simply blowed myself, while they were here, and I observed that most of the old bald-heads were there regularly. "They all look good far away," was applicable to most of this troop. I met several of the feminine cast when they were in their street clothes—on the street of course —and some of them looked like Jennie Fewclothes. They had on hobble skirts alright, alright, and high heels, and a ting-a-ling hat, but the whole bunch of glad rags that adorned and enveloped their corset-framed forms wouldn't bring $2.98 in the open market. But on the stage, with their abbreviated dresses and their paint and powder, they looked like the real things from Hammerstine's. Funny how some fellows will get all excited over chorus girls. Just because they wear a dress that catches them two feet above the ankle, and have a pair of understudies that look tolerably well, I thank you, some of the boys, and old men, too, go blind, and will shell out all their spare change for Lowney's chocolate drops to feed the babes on. Several of my friends, and I won't mention their names because some of them pass the basket at their churches, went daffy on the chorus girls in the Smart Set. I only view them through a pair of opera glasses—that's as close as I ever get to them. It was amusing, though, to see some of the old codgers whose mercury is all down in their boots, standing out in front of the Howard waiting for the Jennie Fewclothes to come out. If I should name them, the lawyers here would do a mighty big business, and the divorce courts would be chucked up with business. However, all these old fellows did was to look. That's their share, you know. But the callow youths, how they did blow their money (secured from ten per centers) on these broilers that travel with the Smart Set. In a few days some of them will be wiser.

Epworth League.

There will be a special literary program of the Epworth League of Asbury M. E. Church, corner 11th and K streets northwest, April 30, at 6:30 P. M.

The program in part, is as follows:

Responsive Reading—Miss Louise F. Madella.

Scripture Lesson—Mr. Charles E. Wesley.

Duet—Misses Florence and Ethel Stokes.

Address—Pierce A. Beaman.

Solo—Mrs. Bessie Hamilton Armes, of Albany, N. Y.

Short Talk—Dr. Lucy E. Moten, principal of Normal School No. 2.

Solo—Miss Cordella H. Murdock.

P. C. Glascoe is president of the League.

Hamilton Clark, master of ceremonies.

HAIR VIM.

Dr. Julia P. H. Coleman's Success.

One of the most talented women of the race is Dr. Julia P. H. Coleman, who is the manufacturer of a hair preparation known as Hair Vim. This preparation is in great demand and she is selling it as fast as it is manufactured.

Hair Vim Soap is another selling article. Both the Hair Vim and soap are preparations that Dr. Coleman guarantees. Dr. Coleman is one of the most progressive and accomplished women of the race. She has her place of business at 643 Florida avenue N. W., where she may be seen. Her hair preparations are sold in all first class drug stores.

River Queen.

Dates are now opened for the season of 1911 for the River Queen. Col. Lewis Jefferson, who has always catered to the wishes of the people, and Mr. Bensinger, who never fails to do what he can to please the citizens, have made extensive improvements to the grounds and places under their supervision where the boat will run this summer. There should be no hesitancy in selecting your dates for the excursion season. Now is the time, and the old saying is, delays are dangerous. Col. Lewis Jefferson is well prepared to meet all demands. He has always given the people of this city first-class accommodation. He endeavors to please the people regardless of expense. Every park under the supervision of Col. Jefferson has been improved, which will make the season of 1911 one of pleasure and satisfaction to the patrons of this boat.

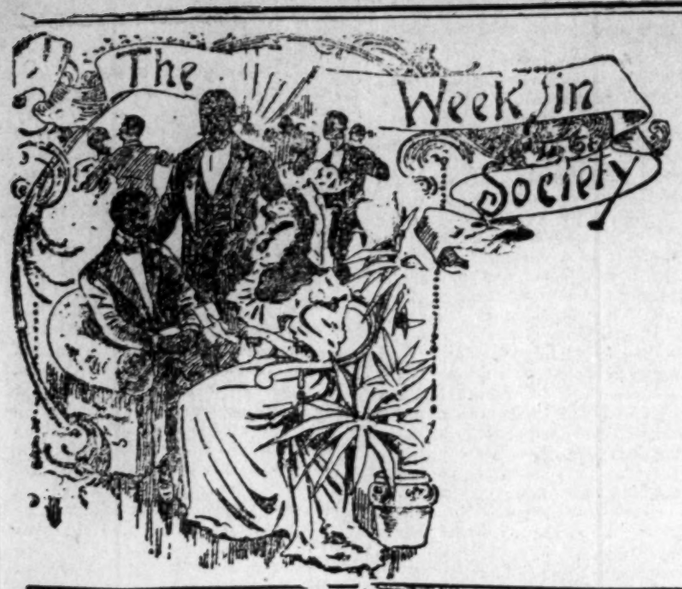
Apply at the wharf and make your dates.

Go to Xander's.

If you want pure wines and liquors you should go to Xander's. It is the greatest wine house in the country.

House and Herrman.

If you cannot be satisfied elsewhere patronize House and Herman.



The lure of Spring is bringing hundreds of happy promenaders along the popular Fourteenth street thoroughfare, and as usual, they fall in at the drug store of Board & McGuire, 1912½ Fourteenth street, "the place where everybody meets everybody else," or you see them enjoying those delicious sodas at Ninth and You streets, the popular "Lookout Corner" of Board & McGuire.

Prof. S. P. McDonald has returned to Philadelphia, Pa., after a very pleasant visit to this city.

Misses Mamie and Helen Henry have returned to Snow Hill, Md., after a delightful stay in this city with friends.

Rev. and Mrs. J. H. Johnson announce the marriage of their daughter Mary Dickerson Whitaker, to Mr. Joseph H. W. Morris, on Tuesday, March 7, at 2029 Marion street, Columbia, S. C.

Miss Alice Cornelia Peck and Mr. Frank Anderson, of Boston, Mass., were united in wedlock on Monday evening, April 17, at the residence of the bride's parents, Rev. and Mrs. E. W. S. Peck, 1905 Druid Hill avenue, Baltimore, Md. Miss Peck is a graduate nurse of Freedmans Hospital, 1907, and had been practicing in Baltimore with leading physicians.

Miss Martha Goode is visiting friends here.

Hon. R. W. Tyler left the city last week for an extensive western trip. He will visit Ohio and shall remain two weeks.

Misses Aldina and Roberta Hawkins have returned to their home in Baltimore, after a delightful trip to this city.

Dr. J. W. Morse has the gem drug store in the northwest. Prescriptions carefully compounded by registered clerks.

Mr. and Mrs. Moten, of this city, spent Easter in Baltimore, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Young, 1821 Druid Hill avenue.

Miss Julia Day has returned to her home on Lafayette avenue, Baltimore, Md., after an enjoyable visit with friends here.

The Senior Class of the M Street High School gave a reception at the Auditorium Hall, Eighth street southeast, on Wednesday evening, April 19. The attendance was large, the music charming, and the young ladies handsomely attired in gowns of messaline satin, silks, etc.

Mrs. Jennie Fleming has returned to this city after a very pleasant visit of a week in Baltimore with friends.

Mr. J. Highland Hayes returned to the University of Pennsylvania after a pleasant Eastertide in this city with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James H. Hayes, 1307 T street northwest.

Miss Pearl Kyles returned to Richmond, Va., on Wednesday, after an enjoyable stay in this city, the guest of her sister, Miss H. Kyles.

Mrs. Martin Crowdery has returned to Philadelphia, after a delightful visit in this city.

Dr. Morse has the finest assortment of candies and toilet articles that can be purchased anywhere in the city.

Miss Lottie Griffin was the recent guest of Mr. and Mrs. James Williams, in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mrs. Lustrena Stephenson, who has been the guest of Mrs. T. A. Middleton and Mrs. Eliza J. Mason, for several weeks, left for her home in Keysville, Va., Thursday, stopping in Richmond, Va., to visit relatives and friends.

Mrs. Sarah Parker, of 200 L street northwest, who has been ill for several weeks, is able to be up and out again.

Mrs. Harriet Gibbs Marshall left the city this week for St. Louis, Mo., and other points west in the interest of the Washington Conservatory of Music.

Miss Verna Waddy has returned to Philadelphia, Pa., after a delightful visit to this city as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fisher.

Don't pass Morse's Drug Store, at Nineteenth and L streets northwest.

Mrs. John C. Robinson, of Philadelphia, Pa., is visiting friends here.

Miss Marie Thomas is visiting friends in Philadelphia.

Mr. S. P. McDonald returned to his home in Philadelphia after an enjoyable trip to this city.

Miss Margaret Gibbs, a student in pharmacy at Howard University, spent a few days in Westchester, Pa., with friends.

Mrs. Sewell and Mrs. Garnett spent a delightful visit in Wilmington, Del., during their recent visit.

Miss Bertha McNeille spent a few hours with Miss Lucia Stubbs, while enroute to Atlantic City, where she spent Eastertide.

Miss Lula Allen spent Easter in Wilmington, Del.

Mrs. Jessie Pryor, of Jersey City, N. J., is visiting friends here.

Dr. Morse, who has the finest drug store in the West End, also has the best prescription compounder. Dr. Morse, who is also a registered pharmacist, never makes a mistake. Call 19th and L streets northwest.

Mrs. Robert Griffin is the guest of Mrs. Calhoun, of French street, Wilmington, Del.

Mrs. Marie Holland, of Suffolk, Va., is visiting friends here.

Mrs. Wm. Stilt is visiting friends in Charlotte, N. C.

The finest cigars in the city are sold at Morse's drug store, Twentieth and L streets northwest.

Mrs. Elizabeth Clinton has returned to this city after a spleasant trip through the West.

Mr. Charlie Johnson was a recent visitor to Charlotte, N. C.

Miss Gladys Russell has been visiting friends in Chicago, Ill. A social was given in her honor during her stay, at which forty friends were present.

Miss Essie Arnold, of Chicago, Ill., is visiting friends here. Miss Arnold has come for a three months' stay.

Miss Williams, of this city, spent several days in Durham, N. C., last week, while en route to Enfield, N. C.

Nothing funny about it. People just like to deal at the drug stores of Board & McGuire at 1912½ Fourteenth street northwest and at Ninth and U streets northwest, two places "where everybody meets everybody

Mr. Hardy Ryan, of Charlotte, N. C., is visiting friends here.

Mrs. Cora Gaffney has returned to this city from Charlotte, N. C., where she was called to the bedside of her son. She was accompanied by her two children.

Mr. Charles Wood is visiting friends in Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan Warrick, of Philadelphia, Pa., are the guests of Mr. Benjamin Warrick. They will remain a few weeks.

Mrs. A. M. Edwards has returned to this city after a delightful visit to Brooklyn, N. Y.

Bring your job work to The Bee office, or address W. Calvin Chase, Jr., 1109 Eye street N. W., or 1212 Florida avenue N. W.

Mrs. Aingie B. Lynch, who has been visiting friends in Philadelphia, Pa., was the guest of honor at an elaborate reception at the suburban home of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Hinton on last Saturday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Persifore Young, a recently wedded couple of Baltimore, are now residing in this city.

Misses Ada and Ida Stafford, of New York City, are guests at the Mayo residence on 17th street northwest.

Mrs. William L. Houston received in honor of Mrs. Edward Morris, of Chicago, at an "at home" on Tuesday evening, from 8 to 10 P. M.

Miss Sadie Merriwether, of Baltimore, was on during Easter week.

Mrs. and Miss Jackson, of Chicago, are guests of the Kennedys, at 1920 11th street northwest.

Prof. and Mrs. A. C. Newman have returned to this city after a very pleasant visit to New York City.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Mrs. Lucy Parker Wetsel to Elder Lewis C. Sheafe, in Huntsville, on March 27. Dr. and Mrs. Sheafe will reside at 1938 Third street after July 3.

Dr. John W. Morse, of the Gem Drug Store, at Nineteenth and L streets northwest, has everything that a first-class druggist possesses. Drop in.

Mrs. Minnie Chisolm Mason, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Chisolm, who has been quite ill at her home, is improving.

Mr. Milton Chisolm, who went to San Francisco, Cal., has been transferred to the War Department in this city.

Mr. R. F. Chisolm, of the Government Printing Office, is on leave.

Miss Evelyn Henderson spent Eastertide in Philadelphia.

Messrs. L. G. Weaver and J. W. Hall have returned to this city after spending several delightful days in Richmond, Va.

Miss Dorothy Waring spent a very pleasant stay in Baltimore, Md., last week, the guest of Miss Gladys Washington.

Miss E. M. Wilson, of Baltimore, Md., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. George Losset last week.

Miss Daisy M. Daly spent the end of Easter week in Baltimore, the guest of Miss Emma Tuxon.

Mr. Frank Coppen, of Howard University, and Miss Blanch Cornish were in Baltimore on a visit on Wednesday of last week.

Rev. P. C. Hunt, of Beaumont, Texas, was in the city this week.

The Council of Upper Classmen of Howard University held their ninth annual ceremony of receiving the "Sophs" on Tuesday evening in Andrew Rankin Memorial Chapel.

An interesting program was rendered. The principal address of the evening was by Roscoe Conkling Bruce, assistant superintendent of public schools. The "Sophs" were heartily received.

Invocation—The Chaplain.
Music, Vocal Solo—Mr. O. D. Jones.
Remarks—President Waters.
Music, Piano—Miss Olive C. Jones.
Welcome to Sophs.
Music, Duet—Selected.
Address—Roscoe Conkling Bruce.
Music, Piano—Miss Olive C. Jones.
Presentation of C. U. C. Gold Medals.
Benediction.

Mr. Isaac N. Nutter, a member of the New Jersey bar, Atlantic City, is in the city. He is one of the most successful lawyers in the East.

If you want first-class ice cream go to Murray, 1216 U street northwest.

Mrs. R. W. Tyler has returned from Ohio, where she had been attending the funeral of her brother.

Miss Emma F. G. Merritt, who spent the Easter holidays in Lynchburg, Va., as the guest of Attorney N. T. Goldsbery and wife, Mrs. Lulu Chase Goldsbery, returned to the city Sunday evening.

Dr. Milton Francis has sufficiently recovered from his late serious illness to resume his practice next week.

Mrs. R. T. Douglass, who has been to Cleveland, Ohio, to attend her brother's funeral, has returned to the city.

Mr. Matt Washington, who has been in the city all the Winter on account of sickness, will leave for Proctor, Vermont, this month.

Mr. J. C. Thomas, a popular undertaker of New York City, was here this week on business.

Rev. B. J. Bolden, formerly pastor of John Wesley Church, was in the city this week.

Chief W. R. Griffin left for Richmond, Va., this week, where he went on business in connection with the True Reformers.

Miss Ada Watts and Miss Lottie Robinson, of Baltimore, Md., were in the city during Easter week, the guests of Mrs. Maud Chew, of 334½ C street southwest.

Mr. and Mrs. Newman Host and Hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman M. Newman entertained Mrs. Geo. Hawkins, of Newburgh, N. Y., last Tuesday evening, April 18, at Martin's reception parlors. The evening, a very enjoyable one, was spent in dancing and whist playing.

Those present were Mrs. Geo. Hawkins, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. R. Dinguid, Mr. and Mrs. John Grey, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lawson, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Collins, Mrs. Mary Smith, of New York; Mrs. Malisha Scott, Mrs. Alta Porter, Mrs. Maria Johnson, Mrs. Marie Ray, Mrs. Rose Myers, the Misses Albert Carrington, Mayme Chase, Dora Holmes, Anna Scott, Rebecca Ware, Esther Jones, Lena and Grace Newman, Cora Swann, Martha and Mildred Porter, and little Ruth Scott. Messrs. Wm. Thomas, Highland Hayes, Thomas Morton, Wm. Brooks, Henry Hardy, Lawrence Arnold, Alfred Brent, Raymond Cole, Wm. English, and David Turner, of New York City.

West Washington News.

Rev. H. S. Leeper has just finished a very successful year at Ebenezer A. M. E. Church, and is now attending the annual conference of the A. M. E. Church in Baltimore, Md. His return is expected for another year.

Dr. Chas. H. Marshall is confined to his bed with a slight attack of rheumatism.

Mrs. Mary H. Pitts, of Port Deposit, Md., and her little daughter are visiting her mother and sister for a week or ten days.

A grand union meeting of the churches was held Tuesday evening, April 25, at Mt. Zion M. E. Church, and a large audience listened to a very instructive address by the Rev. Zed H. Copp on the subject of the Child, Parent and State. After his conclusion the following pastors also spoke: Rev. E. E. Rick, Rev. Chas. N. Prior, and Rev. D. W. Hayes. Miss H. H. Beason presided.

The Epworth League of Mt. Zion M. E. Church was addressed Sunday afternoon by Dr. Jesse Jones. An excellent musical preceded the address. Mrs. Grace Brown presided.

THE MASQUERADE.

A Brilliant Gathering—Nobby and Unique Costumes and Sweet Misses.

One of the most unique social events in the social circle was the masquerade at Martin's Cafe last Thursday evening. The masquerade took place in the up-stairs parlors, which were beautifully decorated and festooned with flags and other ornaments.

It was a company of young misses and gentlemen who were masked beyond recognition. There were many beautiful and unique masks. About 10 o'clock the order was given to unmask, which was the occasion of much merriment. The dancing then began.

Among those present were Misses Mary and Phyllis Terrell, Lillian Murdock, Victoria Tunnell, Miriam Williams, Nettie Langston, Mary Garnet, Ione Adell, Eslander Smith, Algenon Prior, Pearl Brown, Mary Craft, Erma Howard, Ruby Holland, Uneda and Frances Young, Hilda and Ethel Wilkinson, Edna Boyd, Masters Charles Craft, Houston, Hayes, Curtis, Layton, Nevis, Prior, Grady, Russell and others.

The party was chaperoned by Mesdames Clara L. Tunnell, M. Church Terrell, Murdock, Prior, Langston, Boyd, Smith, Wilkinson and others.

THE HOWARD

Starting next Monday the Howard will introduce up-to-date Vaudeville and Moving pictures for the balance of the spring season.

A long and exceptionally strong bill has been engaged for the open ing week. There will be a complete change of moving pictures each night. There will be a ladies and children's matinee on Thursday and Saturday,

At Home.

It was a most charming at home at the residence of Mrs. Norah M. Dinguid, 718 Twenty-third street northwest, by Mrs. Dinguid, in honor of Mrs. Almara M. Hawkins, of Newburg, N. Y. Those who assisted the hostess were Miss Mildred Porter, Miss Alberta Carrington and Mrs. Vivian Newman. Tea was poured by Mrs. Flossie Richardson and Mrs. Beulah Johnson. Fruit, etc., was served by Mrs. Esther Drew.

The affair was one of the prettiest in the social circle. The ladies' gowns were beautiful.

W. Calvin Chase, Jr. CORNET — Nathan Nesbit CLARINET

Music Furnished For All Occasions

—THE—

Wilberforcian Orchestra

J. Sherman Hunnicutt, DIRECTOR AND VIOLIN, 1915 6th Street, N. W.
K. F. Phillips, MANAGER, PIANO & VIOLIN, 2130 13th Street, N. W.
E. L. Burns, TREASURER AND DRUMS, 938 T St., N. W., Phone North 593-m
C. W. Jones, PIANO AND CORNET — J. H. Anderson, CELLO
W. P. Bayless, 2D VIOLIN — W. C. Hunnicutt, FLUTE
J. B. Clark, TROMBONE — F. G. Haley, TROMBONE
Mr. Preston, VIOLA

Mrs. Layton Arrived.

Jacksonville, Fla, April 22.

Mrs. Julia Mason Layton, who left the city on a tour of inspection throughout the South, has arrived in Jacksonville, Fla. The work in which Mrs. Layton is engaged is one that has never been bestowed upon a woman of her race, and it is quite certain that she will represent her people.

MADAM McNAIRDEE,

The Talented Clairvoyant.

The gifted clairvoyant, the great female wonder, born with the double (caul) veil. She is one of the old ancient Southern clairvoyants of New Orleans. She is a living phrenologist and physiogomist. She tells plainly what you are adapted for in life by reading your brain and mind. With a grasp of her hand she gives you a course of influence to enable you to overcome all bad luck. She has made thousands of homes happy. Read the fifth chapter, 9th verse of St. Matthew: "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." She reunites the separated, makes peace where there is confusion. Your husband or wife or sweetheart will never forsake you, but will love you and marry you sooner if you will only heed this lady's consultation. Read what several ladies of your city say. "Yes, we believe her a Godsend to us. My husband and I separated over a year ago, and just think, since I called on this lady, he returned to me. We are together and happy." This young lady says: "The one I loved refused to call or write me. I called on this lady and we are now engaged." You can't afford to miss consulting this gifted lady. She is gifted to read characters. She challenges the world to excel her advice on love, losses, business, family and

financial troubles. Reunites the separated, causes speedy marriages with one of your choice. No cards allowed in her place of business. No one's ill wishes filled; strictly a Christian lady, and depends entirely on her heavenly gift. If you are painful or ailing, think you have been witchcrafted, go to see her. She spent thirty years in the jungles of Africa and has traveled through thirty-four States, doing good wherever she went. Read St. John, 9th chapter, 33d verse: "If this man is not of God, he could do nothing."

"I for one, as one in the midst. My heart ached from the cruel treatment of my husband and the way he would throw away his time and money, until I consulted this wonderful lady. It will soon be a year. Through her he has been a loving husband, and today he presents me with a lovely lot on which he will build a home. Tongue can't praise her too highly."

Thousands are flocking to see this wonderful lady daily. Her powerful consultation when heeded has sent sunshine to the homes of all who called. Don't put off, but call at once, if you wish to enjoy future happiness. Don't delay. Highly indorsed by all the press, teachers, preachers, lawyers and doctors, and come well recommended by four of the leading lodges, the S. M. T., United Order of True Reformers, also the Calanthan Court. The church society of her home, known by the name of United Sisters of Charity of the Missionary Church, and loved by all. God has endowed her with an unspeakable blessing to aid humanity. She deals in nothing to be ashamed of.

She wants to hear from all that are in trouble or distress. Address MADAM McNAIRDEE, 1103 N. Senate Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

Positively no attention paid to letters without one dollar enclosed.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

The Old Porters' Exchange, 103, 105, Sixth Street N. W.

The Porters' Exchange, known the country over as the home of the porters coming to Washington from time to time, has at last changed hands. Mr. Thomas M. Redmon, who worked at the White House under the McKinley Administration for seven years, is the new proprietor. Mr. Redmon is an old restaurant man. Having been reared in that business makes him an ideal hotel man. This house will be formally opened on Tuesday evening, May 2, 1911. A White House buffet and free lunch will be served from 6 to 10:30 P. M. Hon. J. C. Dancy, W. C. Chase, editor of The Bee, W. Lincoln Johnson, Recorder of Deeds, and many leading men of the race have been invited to make short addresses. Mr. Redmon announces that the Porters' Exchange will be run for ladies and gentlemen and the public in general; the rag-time, free-and-easy going crowds will find no place in the Porters' Exchange. Ladies and gentlemen who desire a supper or lunch will be able to visit the Porters' Exchange without having to veil their faces, or gentlemen to turn up their overcoat collars or pull their hats over their faces. The Porters' Exchange will be run on a first-class basis. It is stocked with first-class wines and liquors of every kind. Polite servants, men who know how to cater to patrons and the public. The opening of this famous old house will be one of the most brilliant events seen in Washington in many years. The house has been thoroughly renovated from cellar to garret. New furniture, electric lights throughout the house, telephone and telegraph connections. It will be made not only a credit to Mr. Redmon, but a credit to the race. Mr. Redmon is one of Washington's best citizens. He owns a home in the beautiful suburb of Fairmount Heights.

THOMAS M. REDMON.
New Manager of Porters' Exchange.

Thomas M. Redmon was born in Wellington, Va., and came to Washington when quite young, engaging in the hotel business as a waiter and butler, and remained as such till he was employed at the White House during the administration of President McKinley. When it comes to getting up a first-class meal, Mr. Redmon is the man.

Cafe on the Boulevard.

Mr. Martin, the proprietor of the Northwest Cafe, is a man who is endeavoring to please the people. If you want to see all Washington, call for a breakfast, lunch, or a dinner at the Northwest Cafe. It is a place where you can carry your wife, daughter, or any member of your family, and receive an up-to-date treatment. Don't fail to drop in at Martin's. Everything in the eating line may be had at this place. Male and female waiters are first-class, and always ready and willing to accommodate you. This is the place for the people.

Martin's.

When you want first-class service, go to Martin's, 11th and U streets northwest, on the boulevard.

The Porters' Exchange is under new management. Mr. Thomas M Redmon is the manager. Watch its opening.

HOWARD THEATRE

T st. near 7th, N. W.

The Theatre for the People

Matinee: Thursday & Saturday, 3 P. M.

Starting Monday MAY 1ST All The Week

Advance Vavdeville

—AND—

Animated Pictures

NOTICE:—A COMPLETE CHANGE OF PICTURES EVERY NIGHT.

Grey & Harris — Minnie Francis — Jones & Jones
Carter Haven & Co.

The Biggest and Best Show in Town

TWO PERFORMANCES NIGHTLY: 7:45 AND 9:15 P. M.

All Seats - 10 Cents

CONCERTS SUNDAY NIGHT—EVERYTHING NEW—10 CTS.

KERNAN'S LYCEUM

Starting Monday APR. 24

Matinee Every Day

Show that brings home the Bacon

Mayer and Schwalbe's

Florida Strollers

—AND—

Octoroon Burlesquers

35 Colored COMEDIANS AND PRETTY SHOW GIRLS

Headed by Wodes, Gaines and Jones

PRESENTING THE 2 ACT MUSICAL SCREAM

"Hot Tmes in Florida"

Best singing and dancing show in America
De Lyon and Jeffreys—The Kentucky Trio
New Musical Features—The Alamo Rag, Saiveree, Creole Belles

Watch this space

SEE IT GROW

The Making of Lenses.

The essential part of any device for the study of the starry millions—the suns, planets, comets and the nebulae that are perhaps new worlds in the making—is the lens or the optical train that consists of a series of lenses. It is this that makes the modern science of astronomy possible. There is absolutely no other human occupation that requires the accuracy of observation and the delicacy of touch that are requisite for the making of the finest lenses. These are the most perfect products of human hands. It may convey some idea of the labor required in the making of a large lens to say that at least one year's time is required for the grinding and polishing of a thirty inch object glass. A little lens two inches in diameter requires the unremitting care and attention of a skilled workman for two or three days. It is easy, then, to see why it is that even lenses of high class photographic work are costly. A forty inch object glass for a large telescope cannot be made in much less than four years' time, and if everything does not go just right it may require much longer than that.—Kansas City Star.

Persian Jests.

An exceedingly ugly man, says the Persian Joe Miller, was once in the mosque, asking pardon of Allah for his sins and praying to be delivered from the fires of hell. One who overheard his prayers said to him: "Wherefore, O friend, wouldst thou cheat hell of such a countenance? Art thou reluctant to burn up a face like that?"

Another story the Persian jester tells is that a certain person with a hideous nose was once on a time wooing a woman. Describing himself to her and trying to make an attractive picture, he said, "I am a man devoid of lightness and frivolity, and I am patient in bearing afflictions!"

"Aye," said the woman. "Wert thou not patient in bearing afflictions thou hadst never endured thy nose these forty years!"

All of which is more witty than kind. —Harper's.

Bohemians and Wedding Rings.

"Here are two wedding rings that I have just made over," said the jeweler. "They are for Bohemian women. They lost their own rings, so they had their husbands' rings cut down to fit. That is a custom in their country. Both husband and wife wear wedding rings there. If the man loses his ring he has to buy a new one, but if the woman loses hers she wears her husband's. I do a good deal of that kind of work. Other women who lose wedding rings just buy another one and say nothing about it, but these women are too conscientious for that. Usually I have to make the man's ring smaller, but once in awhile it has to be spliced to make it fit. The women are always considerably chagrined over the splicing and offer all kinds of explanations to account for their big fingers."—New York Sun.

The Roulette Ball.

That capricious little ball that decides our fortunes at the ever fascinating game of roulette at Monte Carlo occasionally flies from the skillful croupier's hand, though not often. One afternoon it slipped from its manipulator's fingers and found its way into an Englishman's coat pocket. So impressed was the Englishman that he promptly lost a couple of hundred pounds. But the little ball once found a far stranger destination than that. Escaping from the croupier's hand, it flew straight into the mouth of a German onlooker, and he was so impressed that he promptly swallowed it.—London Bystander.

Tea In Paraguay.

When the natives of Paraguay drink tea they do not pour it from a teapot into a cup, but fill a goblet made out of a pumpkin or gourd and then suck up the hot liquid through a long reed. Moreover, the tea which they use is altogether different from that which comes from China, being made out of dried and roasted leaves of a palm-like plant which grows in Paraguay and southern Brazil. The natives say that this tea is an excellent remedy for fever and rheumatism.

Sparrowgrass.

It is stated that a well known riddle was written by a costermonger. The riddle in question is a charade and runs as follows:

My first's a little bird as 'ops;
My second's needful in 'ay crops;
My 'ole is good with mutton chops.

The answer, of course, is "sparrowgrass," which the learned Dr. Parr always insisted on using in preference to the politer "asparagus."—London Notes and Queries.

A Real Poet.

"Poetry," said the literary girl, "is the art of expressing intense feeling in figurative speech."

"In that case," replied Miss Cayenne, "the man who writes baseball news is sure a poet."—Washington Star.

She Wanted to Know.

Bridegroom—Now that we are married, darling, we must have no more secrets from each other. Bride—Then tell me truly, Jack, how much did you really pay for that engagement ring? —Illustrated Bits.

She Was Numerous.

"I want a license to marry the best girl in the world," said the young man.

"Funny, isn't it?" commented the clerk. "That makes 1,300 licenses for that girl this season."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

I do not know of any way so sure of making others happy as of being so oneself.—Sir Arthur Helps.

JOHN S. TROWER,

Best Known and Probably the Wealthiest Negro in the Country.

From the Philadelphia Record.

John S. Trower, aged 61 years, the well-known caterer, said to be the wealthiest Negro in Pennsylvania and perhaps in the country, who was reputed to be worth one million dollars and more, died yesterday morning at his home, No. 5706 Germantown avenue, of pneumonia. He is survived by his widow and six children, one of whom is the wife of Dr. R. K. Cherry.

Trower for a great number of years was interested in every movement in the uplifting of the people of his race, and gave liberally of his means, in the building of churches, Sunday schools, industrial homes and beneficial organizations. He was born in Eastville, Northampton county, Va., October 3, 1849. As a young man he learned the catering business in Maryland and 40 years ago he embarked in the same enterprise for himself. He was phenomenally successful, and had done the catering not only for the fashionable society of Germantown and Chesnut Hill, but also in this and adjoining States.

He was, according to Rev. W. A. Creditt, pastor of the Cherry Street Baptist Church, the most prominent colored layman in America. He attended all the national church conventions and became a powerful public speaker. He was chairman of the trustees of the Cherry Street Church; 16 years superintendent of its Sunday school and at the last meeting was elected superintendent for life.

He personally guaranteed all the mortgages and loans of the church, amounting to $75,000, until a few years ago, when the church became financially strong, and he was relieved of this responsibility. He also financed the building of Zion Baptist Church, on West Rittenhouse street, Germantown, and the colored Baptist church at Ocean City.

He was president of the State Baptist Sunday School Association for 15 years, and was much respected by the white Baptist ministers. He was a self-made man, receiving but little education in his youth, and in order to help the young founded the Downingtown Industrial School, of which Dr. Creditt is president.

Trower organized a building and loan association for the colored people of the city and erected 20 houses for their use in the vicinity of the Cherry Street Church.

Booker Washington considered him the greatest man of his race in this country, and in his published book devotes an entire chapter to his life and work. The funeral will take place Saturday at noon. Booker Washington has been invited to be present.

INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE ON THE NEGRO.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, April 17, 18 and 19, 1912.

For some years past I have had in mind to invite here from different parts of the world—from Europe, Africa, the West Indies and North and South America—persons who are actively interested or directly engaged as missionaries, or otherwise, in the work that is going on in Africa and elsewhere for the education and upbuilding of Negro peoples.

For this purpose it has been determined to hold at Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, April 17, 18 and 19, 1912, a little more than a year from this time, an international conference on the Negro. Such a conference as this will offer the opportunity for those engaged in any kind of service in Africa, or the countries above mentioned, to become more intimately acquainted with the work and the problems of Africa and these other countries. Such a meeting will be valuable and helpful, also, in so far as it will give opportunity for a general interchange of ideas in organizing and systematizing the work of education of the native peoples in Africa and elsewhere and the preparation of teachers for that work. Wider knowledge of the work that each is doing should open means of co-operation that do not now exist.

The object of calling this conference at Tuskegee Institute is to afford an opportunity for studying the methods employed in helping the Negro people of the United States, with a view of deciding to what extent Tuskegee and Hampton methods may be applied to conditions in these countries, as well as to conditions in Africa.

It is hoped that numbers of people representing the different governments interested in Africa and the West Indies, as well as representatives from the United States and the countries of South America, will decide to attend this conference. Especially is it urged that missionary and other workers in these various countries be present and take an active part in the deliberations of the conference.

It is desirable, in any case, to have any suggestions as to what might be done to make the work of the conference more helpful to all concerned. The names of persons who would like to be present, with whom you are acquainted, will be appreciated, and through you they are invited to be present and take part in the deliberations of the conference.

Those who come to Tuskegee properly accredited will be welcomed and entertained as guests of the institution, and will be under no expense during their stay here.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.
Principal, Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama.

WORTH ADVERTISING FOR

There are 5,499 Negroes employed here in Washington by the Government alone, and these 5,499 Negroes draw salaries aggregating $3,044,404. These more than three millions of dollars are spent right here in Washington, but scattered among the hundreds of tradesmen. Is this amount of money worth bidding for? It certainly is, and not even the largest stores in this city would refuse to get the big end of it did they but realize how much money the Negroes are really spending.

Now The Bee is the only Negro publication in this city. It stands without a rival or competitor, and covers the field like a a few of the merchants in this city will patronize the advertising columns of The Bee, presenting the attractive bargains they may have these Negroes — these 5,499 Negroes who draw annually from the Government over three millions of dollars — will assume that by patronizing a publication edited and operated by one of their race that such firms desire and deserve their patronage. And such firms will receive the bulk of these over thre milions of dollars received and spent by the Negroes of Washington.

What clothing stores, what furniture stores, what dry goods stores and what other lines of business will now make an effort to divert to themselves these over three millions tf dollars spent by Washington Negroes by advertising in The Bee?

Place your advertising in The Bee and watch those 5,499 appreciative Negroes spend their over three millions of dollars with you.

Now is the time to advertise in The Bee, the newspaper that goes into every Negro home in Washington. Remember, merchants of Washington, it's what advertising pays you, not what it costs.

MORE MONEY— RACE PROGRESS.

If colored people groom themselves daintly, destroy perspiration odors, remove grease shine from the face, and use our new discoveries for improving the skin and dressing the hair, they will be better received in the business world, make more money, and advance faster.

The Chemical Wonder Company of New York is the best business friend colored people have. It improves their bodies as Dr. Booker Washington improves their minds. That Company manufacturers nine Chemical Wonders, which will make colored people as attractive as individual peculiarities will permit. Colored men in New York who use these Wonders hold better situations in banks, clubs and business houses, and women have better positions, marry better, get along better.

(1,) Complexion WonderCream will light up any colored face (black or brown) every time it is used. To prove this on one trial, we send demonstration sample for 10 cents. Regular jar, 50 cents postpaid.

(2) Magneto-Metallic Comb, called Wonder Comb. Can be heated before using, to help straighten and dress the hair. Costs 50 cents, and will last a lifetime.

(3) Wonder Uncurl. When this pomade dressing is in the hair the kinks can be uncurled and the hair becomes flexible. When heated into the scalp and through the hair with a Wonder Comb any stiff, knotty hair will dress well. 50 cents postpaid.

(4) Wonder Hair Grow fertilizes the scalp and makes hair grow long, just as fertilizers in the soil make cornstalks grow. 50 cents postpaid.

(5) Odor Wonder Powder instantly destroys perspiration odor. People who neglect such chemical cleansing are obnoxious. 50 cents postpaid.

(6) Odor Wonder Liquid. This fine toilet water surrounds the body with delicate perfume. When used with used with Odor Wonder Powder the conditions of the body become perfect. If you can spare 50 cents extra, order this luxury. 50 cents postpaid.

(7) Wonder Foot Powder keeps the feet dainty. 50 cents, postpaid.

(8) Wonder Wash. A shampoo to clean from dandruff and insure the health of the hair and scalp. 50 cents postpaid.

(9) Shell Pink Creme will give light brown girls beautiful pink cheeks without made-up appearance. 50 cents postpaid.

We guarantee all these Wonders as represented.

We give advice free about hair, skin and scalp.

Will send book an attractiveness free.

We will prove we are true business friends of colored people.

We require one agent for every locality and guarantee you against loss. Only $2 capital required.

Always write to M. B. Berger & Co., 2 Rector Street, New York. We market all the Chemical Wonder Company preparations.

River Queen.

The River Queen is a safe as well as clean boat. It is the boat for the people. Up-to-date service will be given to all patrons of this boat. Every wharf where the boat lands is safe, and the parks are well lighted and the people well protected from the weather. Select your date now. Office at wharf

The Analysis.

"Did you have the soil of your back yard analyzed by the agricultural department?"

"Yes. They said it consisted largely of glass, tin and putty, with traces of builder's lime, and suggested that it might do to raise a mortgage on."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Great Achievement.

"And what do you regard as the greatest triumph of modern surgery?"

"Collecting the bills," promptly responded the great practitioner.—London Spare Moments.

Especially In the Subways.

"There ain't but one trouble with this here city air," said Uncle Rufe, sniffing the atmosphere speculatively; "it do need ventilatin.'"—Holland's Magazine.

His Reason.

"Why do you always leave the house, James, when I begin to sing the old songs?" pouted Mrs. Howlit.

"Fresh air," said Howlit.—Harper's Weekly.

He who has the truth in his heart need never fear the want of persuasion on his tongue.—Ruskin.

S=L KIDNEY BLADDER and LIVER

Remedy

—FOR—

RETENTION AND INCONTINENCE OF WRINE.

Inflamation of the **Kidneys, Constipation.** Pain in the back. It removes **Uric acid from the blood,** thereby relieving Rheumatism and many other *long-standing diseases of the Kidneys & Bladder due from habit-forming drugs.*

PRICE 50c.

Tyree & Co. Druggists
S. E. Cor.
Wash., D. C. 15th & H st. N.E.

Telephone Main 810

CHOICE

Wines, Liquors ..and Cigars..

J. H. Kennedy

PROPRIETOR OF

The Moose House

625 D Street, N. W.

Washington, D. C.

Special Liquor Sale Every Saturday.

A Gastronomic Joy.

Of all the superb victuals which, by their great variety and unique collocation, make Maryland the Eden and Arcadia of every man who loves good eating, the planked shad is probably the most powerful and poignant in its appeal to the senses. The wild duck, though it sets the palate to vibrating like an aeolian harp, has no thrill for the eye. It is a small and unlovely bird of a dull color and ungraceful outline. So, too, the diamond back terrapin. It has no more beauty in death than a plate of soup. And certain other exquisite delicatessen, for all their sweetness, do not soothe the sense of smell. Of such are the raw oyster, the boiled hard crab and the Magothy river cabbage. But the planked shad—ah, here we come to a delicacy which enchants us alike through the eyes, the palate and the nose! As it comes upon the table it has the imperial dignity of a Charlemagne. Its noble head moves one to reverence; the epicycloid curve of its tail is like the curl of a great comber upon a coral beach. And it radiates a perfume as of Araby.—Baltimore Sun.

Water Under Deserts.

Some of the most curious phenomena of the world are the underground water supplies beneath deserts. In the Rajputana deserts water is held in vast quantities in sandstone beds under the scorched surface and is drawn up from wells sunk into the strata. Bikaner raises its walls in the midst of a weary, almost rainless waste of sand and depends on these hidden cisterns for its very existence. Whence it comes, where is the outfall and what quantity runs under the baked sand remain a mystery. In one well at Bikaner it has been ascertained that the water supply is equal to 20,000 gallons an hour, which is held to point to the conclusion that there is an enormous subterranean flow and that the snow fed rivers of the Himalayas must be the source. People in Bikaner say that pieces of wood dropped into one well have come up in another. The idea of an underground river opens up a wide range of possibilities to the imagination.—Times of India.

Dashing Into Danger.

"When I was younger," a big Broadway traffic cop remarked, "I used to cuss at everybody who insisted on dashing across the street in front of a car or truck. I cuss the act still, but not the person. Fact is, I've learned that a majority of people just can't help it. An approaching vehicle about to cross their path is like a red rag to a bull. It's a sort of challenge, a dare. And the impulse to defeat its purpose can't be controlled. There isn't any plan of action. It's a case of dash first and think afterward, and sometimes, of course, the thinking is done in a hospital.

"It's a sort of disease of the nerves, I guess, because the head of a business house will do this fool thing just as quick as his errand boy will. But the cop and the driver are to blame whenever there's a miscalculation."—New York Globe.

Fenced In.

Near Harvard square, in Cambridge, stands the old elm under which Washington first took command of the American army. Around this tree is an iron picket fence inclosure perhaps a couple of rods across. One night a man who had imbibed too freely stumbled against this circular fence. Grasping one picket after another, he groped his way painfully round and round the outside of the inclosure about a dozen times. Finally he sank down in utter despair. "Oh, ain't it awful—fenced in and no gate to get out of it!" said he as a party of students rescued him and took him home.—National Monthly.

A Memory of Edwin Booth.

My season with Edwin Booth was delightful. I found him one of the kindest and pleasantest men of the profession. He also possessed what I consider a great quality—simplicity of manner. Some stars have the idea that it is necessary to be haughty and inaccessible with the members of their companies. They put on airs. They like to crush their fellow actors and pose as a kind of divinity before them. —From Mme. Modjeska's "Memoirs" in Century.

A Story of Robespierre.

The story is told of Robespierre that at one time when at the height of his power a lady called upon him, beseeching him to spare her husband's life. He scornfully refused. As she turned away she happened to tread upon the paw of his pet dog. He turned upon her and asked, "Madam, have you no humanity?"

On the Safe Side.

"May I see my father's record?" asked the new student. "He was in the class of '77."

"Certainly, my boy. What for?"

"He told me when I left home not to disgrace him, sir, and I wish to see just how far I can go."—Buffalo Express.

The Advantage.

Tenant—Look here, that house I took from you is extremely damp. House Agent (bluntly)—Well, don't you see the great advantage of that? If it gets on fire it won't burn.

Right and Wrong.

Things should not be done by halves. If it is right, do it boldly; if it is wrong, leave it undone. Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated.

A really great man is known by three signs—generosity in the design, humanity in the execution and moderation in success.—Bismarck.

Happiness In Sleep.

I saw once how like sleep was to life in the deep waters. A man who to my waking eyes looked cold and starved and ragged sat upon one of the benches on the embankment. He was sleeping, and I knew from his face that then at least he did not count himself miserable. But presently a policeman came and shook the sleeper into waking life. Then all the violence of the world seemed to be let loose upon this wreck of a man. He shook and blinked his eyes and breathed with heavy spasms. It was just as when a fish is caught out of the depth of the sea and suddenly cast into a basket. I have seen mackerel shake and gasp like this poor man suddenly caught up out of the native depths of sleep. Or if you think that a fish thus dying is only an amusing and not a painful sight then think of what it might be if some giant of fable could catch us up out of our native air into the space between the stars. Would we not willingly sink back again into the depth of air? So it is when the loud world lets us glide down into sleep.—London Outlook.

His Name In the Directory.

"One funny thing I have learned about human nature," said the drug store cashier, "is the habit many people have of marking their own names in the city directory. They do that because the directory is the only place where their names ever get into print, and it has such a fascination for them that they can't resist calling attention to it. A funny old man who likes to talk tells me that he has made special trips to different parts of the city just to mark his name in the directories of the neighborhood. He puts a little cross in red ink before it. I asked him what good it did. He said none possibly, although he is a teacher of languages and may get a few calls on account of that queer advertisement. But his is an exceptional case. Not many persons spend time and money hunting city directories, but every time they happen to see a new one they can't help looking up their names and putting some kind of a mark around them."—New York Sun.

Mansfield's Coaching.

"Richard Mansfield," said an actress who played in his company, "was a great teacher, but terribly relentless. I shall never forget a time when I was playing with him in 'The First Violin.' I could not, strive frantically as I would, do the thing he wanted. He was gentle at first, and then, persisting in my failure, he began to lash and whip and sting me with his words until I thought I should have to run away. In agony of impotent desperation I cried out:

"'I cannot! Oh, I cannot!'

"Mr. Mansfield threw up his hands in a gesture of relief, and a smile played about his lips.

"'Why,' he said sweetly, 'you're doing the very thing right now. No one on earth could do it better.' And then I knew what he meant, and those lines were a triumph to me all that season." —Detroit Free Press.

Walking.

The Almighty has not freighted the foot with a single superfluous part. Every inch of every foot is meant for use. When a man walks in the right way, speaking literally, the back of the heel strikes the ground first. Then the rest of the heel comes down, after which the outer edge of the foot takes the bulk of the burden until the forward movement shifts the weight to the ball of the foot and finally to the toes. The ideal step is a slightly rocking motion. At no time should the entire foot be pressed against the ground. Heel to toe is the movement. Try it and see how much farther and more easily you can walk. It's the Indian's way, and what poor Lo doesn't know about footwork can go into the discard. —New York Press.

A Lesson With His Autograph.

An admirer once wrote to Lowell describing his autograph collection and concluding with the remark, "I would be much obliged for your autograph." The reply came, bearing with it a lesson on the correct use of the words "would" and "should," which deeply impressed itself on the mind of the recipient. The response read:

Pray, do not say hereafter, "I would be obliged." If you would be obliged, be obliged and have done with it. Say, "I should be obliged," and oblige yours truly,
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

A Remodeled Text.

"Perhaps you could preach us a sermon about the condition of things in our town," says the resident pastor to the visiting one. "Saloons, gambling houses and the like run wide open all the time, and the officers pay no attention to them."

"Yes," agrees the visitor; "I might take as my text, 'There's no arrest for the wicked.'"—Judge.

Grace Before Meat.

The Zulu admires a woman according to her weight. The Zulu can respect a 200 pound woman, but it is only a 300 or 400 pound one that he can really love. We enlightened persons, on the other hand, have been taught to like grace before meat.—Exchange.

Made a Noise.

"He didn't win the prize in the life race, did he?"

"No, but he hollered like he had it, and some people died envyin' of him." —Atlanta Constitution.

Armed For Peace.

Wife—Will your disarmament meeting finish late? Husband—Yes, about midnight, I expect. But don't be nervous. I shall have my revolver.—Bon Vivant.

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LADIES LOOK!

Every lady can have a beautiful and luxuriant head of hair if she uses a MAGIC. After a shampoo or bath the Magic dries the hair, removing the dandruff; and it will straighten the curliest head of hair.

The Magic will not burn or injure the hair, because the comb is never heated. The steel heating bar which irons the hair, is alone, put into the flame of the alcohol or gas heater.

The Aluminum Comb is easily detached from the heating bar, then, after the bar is heated the comb goes back into place and is held by a turn of the handle.

The Magic Heater is also suitable for curling irons, has a cover and can be carried in a hand bag. Magic Shampoo Drier $1.00. Magic Alcohol Heater $0.50. Liberal terms to agents. Write for literature today.

Magic Shampoo Drier Co. Minneapolis, Minnesota.

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Soft, Silky and Long?

Does it comb easily without breaking?
Is it straight?
Does it smooth out nicely?
Can you do it up in any of the charming styles, so it will stay, and make you proud of it?
Is it long and full of life?
If you cannot say YES to all of the above questions, then you need

Nelson's Hair Dressing

NELSON'S HAIR DRESSING is the finest hair pomade on the face of the earth for colored people. It makes your hair grow fast; it makes stubborn, kinky and tangled hair as soft and supple as silk. It makes it healthy, it keeps it from splitting or breaking off. It makes it rich and gives it that charm so longed for by all true ladies.

Use Nelson's Hair Dressing and you'll never have dandruff. Your head will keep clean. The roots of your hair will have the necessary amount of oil. You will never have scalp disease. You will be delighted with its delicate perfume.

Nelson's Hair Dressing is put up in handsome four-ounce square tin boxes, like the lady holds in her hand. Druggists and agents everywhere sell it at 25 cents a box. If you can't get it, send us 30 cents and we will mail you a full size box postpaid. Go and buy it now, or sit right down and write us. Address

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ENGLAND'S LIGHTHOUSES.

The Seven Districts Are Controlled by a Board Known as the "Elder Brethen."

The lighthouse service of England is controlled by a board composed of thirteen "elder brethren." When a vacancy occurs one of the "younger brethren" is selected by the "elder brethren" to fill it. The position is for life, and the salary is £500 a year. Any commanding officer of the navy or master of the merchant marine is eligible for election as one of the "younger brethren" by the "elder brethren." There is no salary attached to the position, but they are eligible for election as one of the "elder brethren."

England is divided into seven lighthouse districts, each in charge of a superintendent. The superintendents are persons who enter the service as apprentices at the age of thirteen and have worked up to the position of master on board of a steam tender. They are selected for the position of superintendent by the "elder brethren." A superintendent has control of his district.

Lightkeepers are appointed for life. They enter the service between the ages of nineteen and twenty-eight, and their salaries are regulated according to length of service and not according to station. Lightkeepers as well as the other employees of the lighthouse service are pensioned when too old to perform duty. There is a regular lightship service, also for life, and the officers are selected from the men. The men enter between the ages of nineteen and twenty-eight, but must have been at sea. They are then eligible to work up to lamplighter, mate and master. These men are pensioned when too old to serve.

BIZET AND HALEVY.

The Story of the Origin of a Popular Air in "Carmen."

Bizet, the composer of the world famous opera "Carmen," and Halevy, his librettist, once occupied apartments whose outer doors opened on the same landing. As soon as he had finished an air Bizet would hasten to submit it to his neighbor, who subjected it to the most severe criticism. From morning to night the piano resounded in the composer's apartments. One night Bizet finished a dramatic bit in which he flattered himself he had successfully sketched the pride of a triumphant toreador after a successful bullfight. But Halevy listened in silence and showed but a moderate enthusiasm. Bizet, somewhat piqued, asked the cause of this coldness.

"It's good, I admit," said Halevy. "In fact, it's too good. It lacks movement; it lacks snap—in short, it's not popular enough."

"Not popular enough!" shouted the piqued composer. "Do you want to write for the slums?" He went out in a huff, but soon relented and in an hour returned with another air. "Listen to this," said he. "Here is my toreador idea written down to your popular level." It was indeed the song of the toreador and the only one which on the first night received an encore and seemed to move the first night audience from its torpor.

Speak For Yourself, John.

The Lord Leicester of a century ago had no sons by his first marriage and, being well on in years, was anxious to see his heir apparent, a nephew, happily wedded. His wish was that a charming daughter of his neighbor, the Earl of Albemarle, should be the future Lady Leicester. With her and her sisters he used to enjoy his morning rides. One morning she came alone, and during the ride he asked, thinking to forward his nephew's interests, "Anne, my dear, how should you like to be mistress of Holkham?" "There is nothing I should like better," she replied. "Then I shall send my nephew William to court you," said the earl, glad that the fates seemed to favor his project. But the lady calmly and gravely answered, "I shall never be mistress of Holkham on those terms." "Why," exclaimed the astonished old gentleman, looking the lady hard in the face, "you don't mean to say you would marry me?" "Yes, indeed I would," was the answer, "and nothing I should wish better." And as a consequence the nephew did not succeed to the earldom.—London Chronicle.

Perseverance.

Timour, the great Asiatic conqueror, commonly known by the name of Tamerlane, had extraordinary perseverance. No difficulties ever led him to recede from what he had once undertaken, and he often persisted in his efforts under circumstances which led all around him to despair. On such occasions he used to relate to his friend an anecdote of his early life. "I once," he said, "was forced to take shelter from my enemies in a ruined building, where I sat alone many hours. Desiring to divert my mind from my hopeless condition, I fixed my eyes on an ant that was carrying a grain of corn larger than itself up a high wall. I numbered the efforts it made to accomplish this object. The grain fell sixty-nine times to the ground, but the insect persevered, and the seventieth time it reached the top. This sight gave me courage at the moment, and I never forgot the lesson."

The Landscape Near Jerusalem.

The country about Jerusalem is essentially a pale country. Indeed, I often thought it looked stricken, as if its pallor had come upon it abruptly, had been sent to it as a visitation. I was not sorry that I saw it first under grayness and swept by winds. The grayness, the winds, seemed to me to emphasize its truth, to drive home its reality. And there was something noble in its candor. Even nature can take on an aspect of trickiness at times, or at least a certain coquetry, a daintiness not wholly free from suggestions of artificiality. The landscape in the midst of which Jerusalem lies is dreary, is sad; in stormy weather is almost forbidding. Yet it has a bare frankness that renders it dignified, a large simplicity that is very striking. The frame is sober, the picture within it is amazing, and neither, once seen, can ever be forgotten.—Robert Hichens in Century.

What Happened to Bill.

Mrs. Dixon was putting Frank, aged six, and Willie, aged four, to sleep with a bedtime story when she was suddenly compelled to answer the doorbell. Hastening away with the intention of immediately returning, Mrs. Dixon was detained by a caller. The boys grew restless. Finally, running to the top of the stairs, where he knew his mother could get a perfect view of him, Frank used nearly all his small stock of diplomacy in trying to attract his mother's attention without disturbing the visitor. After several futile attempts at gesticulations he called out in a loud whisper perfectly audible to both ladies below, "Mamma, you'd better come up," then in a most awe inspiring tone adding, "'cause Bill's nose is comin' unwiped!" — Youth's Companion.

Tibetan Penal Code.

The Tibetan penal code is curious. Murder is punished with a fine varying according to the importance of the slain, theft by a fine of seven to one hundred times the value of the article stolen. Here, again, the fine depends on the social importance of the person from whom the theft has been committed. The harborer of a thief is looked upon as a worse criminal than the thief himself. Ordeals by fire and by boiling water are still used as proofs of innocence or guilt, exactly as was the custom in Europe in the middle ages. And if the lamas never inflict death they are adepts at torture.

Taken Literally.

The tramp approached the pompous gentleman and asked for a copper.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard," quoted the gent.

"'Tain't no use, mister," answered the weary one. "Me aunt's jist as tight fisted as me uncle and me other relatives."—Exchange.

The Boy Told Him.

Father (after a long search)—Well, here it is. I wonder why one always finds a thing in the last place one hunts for it? Bright Boy—I s'pose it's cause after people find it they leave off looking.

She Still Lectures.

Mr. Tile—Your wife used to lecture before she was married. Has she given it up now? Mr. Milds—Well—er—yes—that is, in public.

Tommy's Reason.

"Tommy," the schoolma'am asked, "why are you scratching your head?"

"Cause nobody else knows just where it itches."

To bear is to conquer our fate.—Campbell.

The Power of Paderewski.

A hard headed business man went to hear Paderewski play, says A. E. Thomas in Success Magazine. The man is not a musician. He spends his days trying to buy cotton when it is low and sell it when it is high. This is how he described his experience at the piano recital.

"You know, I'm not easily stirred up, and I don't know anything about music. I wouldn't know whether a man was playing the piano extremely well or just fairly well. But I do know that Paderewski played one thing that afternoon that stirred me up as I never was stirred in my life. I don't remember what it was. I couldn't have told whether he was playing an hour or five minutes. All I know is that it stirred up feelings within me I had never felt before. Great waves of emotion swept over me. I wanted to shout and I wanted to cry, and when the last chord was struck I found myself on my feet waving my umbrella and shouting like a wild Indian. I went out of that hall as weak as a rag and happier than I'd been in years. I can't account for it. I've tried, but I can't explain it. Can you?"

Burglar's Besetting Sin.

The burglar's besetting sin is heedlessness. The chances are that it was heedlessness that first drove him out of honest employment and made a burglar of him. The burglar ransacks a house and carries away a spoon holder, a card tray or some other inexpensive souvenir of the occasion, and he overlooks the thousand dollar bill on the dining room table and the rope of pearls on the towel rack. This heedlessness seems to be common to the whole fraternity. We do not know what the experience of other cities is, but in Newark the burglar leaves an astonishing amount of portable wealth behind him invariably. When he reads on the day after the robbery that he took Mrs. De Stile's chafing dish and ignored her $500 ruby bracelet beside it or that he upset the Pompleys' dresser drawer to get the revolver and failed to see the government bonds that lay in plain sight on the washstand, how he much gnash his teeth and hate himself for neglecting to develop his powers of attention and observation in his youth!—Newark News.

What "Garbler" Once Meant.

"Garble," "garbled," "garbler," are words which nowadays convey quite a different meaning from that which was formerly accepted. "Garble" originally signified simply "to select for a purpose." At one time there was an officer, termed "the garbler of spices," whose duty it was to visit the shops and examine the spices, ordering the destruction of all impure goods. His duties were similar to those of the inspector of the modern health department, who forbids the sale of decayed vegetables or tainted meat. The word comes from a root meaning "to sift." The impurities sifted out have in the course of generations corrupted the term till a "garbled report" is no longer a report wherefrom all uncertainty has been removed, but one that is full of misrepresentation and made misleading with deliberate intent.

Mississippi Steamboating.

The steamboat age on the Mississippi began about 1821 and flourished for fifty years. As early as 1834 the number of steamboats on the Mississippi and its tributaries is estimated at 230, and in 1842 there were 450 vessels, with a value of $25,000,000. But the golden era was from 1848 till the war. Never did the valley and steamboating prosper more than then. Thousands of bales of cotton were annually shipped to southern markets, and the wharfs of St. Louis and Memphis and Vicksburg and other large ports were stacked with piles of merchandise and lined with scores of steamers.—Travel Magazine.

Corrected.

It is the custom of a well known minister to point his sermons with either "dearly beloved brethren" or "now, my brothers." One day a lady member of his congregation took exception to this.

"Why do you always preach to the gentlemen and never to the ladies?" she asked.

"My dear lady," said the beaming vicar, "one embraces the other."

"But not in the church!" was the instant reply.

The Cruel Reason.

Mrs. Gossip—How does it come that Mrs. Newrich invited you to her party? I thought you were enemies. Mrs. Sharp—We are, but she thought I had nothing fit to wear and wanted to make me feel bad.

So Foolish.

"She is neglecting her game of bridge dreadfully."

"Why is she doing that?"

"Some silly excuse. Says the children need her, I believe."—Pittsburg Post.

An Ancient Custom.

"I wonder if men have always complained about the food their wives prepared for them," said one woman.

"I guess so," replied the other. "Adam started it."—Washington Star.

The New Cook.

Wifey—This pudding is a sample of the new cook's work. What do you think of it? Hub—I'd call it mediocre, Wifey—No, dear; it's tapioca.—Boston Transcript.

Disguised.

Customer—I'm going to a masked ball, and I want something that will completely disguise me.

Costumer—Certainly, sir. I will give you something nice.—Pele Mele

PLANET PROBLEMS.

We Really Know Very Little Even About the Larger Heavenly Bodies.

"The amount of ignorance not yet removed concerning the planets is very great," writes E. S. Grew. "We do not know, for example, whether the planet Venus rotates. If it does it may possibly have a life and a vegetation like our own, though we suspect that it is clothed in eternal cloud. Of Saturn's rings we cannot say whether they consist of millions of tiny moons like brickbats or whether they may be even smaller still—a veil of shining dust. Of Jupiter we can only say that it is covered with clouds, though of their substance we know nothing, and, according to Professor Lowell and Sir William Huggins, some of the bands we see on it may be rifts in the clouds revealing the body of the planet. Little lines crisscross these bands. Photographs of Jupiter taken at Flagstaff observatory seem to indicate that these lines, too, are the upper clouds of Jupiter.

"But whenever we see a planet we see it badly. Even Mars, the most clearly revealed of them all, is constantly obscured by a refracting haze, so that even of the famous 'canals,' though nearly 500 in number, only a few are perceptible at a time, and an unskilled observer would probably not make them out at all. Sandstorms, sometimes snowstorms, sweep the surface of the planet, and because the winds of Mars are very gentle and slow moving these occurrences take a long time to pass by."—London Family Herald.

HE AMUSED THE CUBS.

Then the Young Lions Took a Turn at Amusing Him.

A negro attached to an African hunting party met with a curious adventure, says an English paper. Wandering one day from camp, he surprised two lion cubs at play and thoughtlessly commenced to amuse them. He was only too successful. The big cubs gamboled fearlessly about him and to his dismay refused to desist when he wished to leave them.

Realizing the danger to which he would be exposed should the mother appear, he began to run, but the cubs refused to be shaken off and in their play scratched his legs in fearful fashion.

That the creatures were thoroughly enjoying themselves was evident from their manifestations of delight, and before long their unusual cries brought a lioness leaping to the spot.

Trembling in every limb, the negro faced the growling animal, while the cubs continued to jump up at him, eager for further caresses. The enraged lioness moved round uneasily in a circle, man and beast keeping their eyes steadily on each other. Several times the lioness crouched to spring, but the man, from fear, never shifted his gaze.

At length, after what seemed an age, when the negro was ready to drop from exhaustion, the animal suddenly called her cubs away and disappeared into the surrounding scrub.

An Artist's Struggles.

Professor von Herkomer, the famous painter, had such a struggle to gain a living in his early days that had it not been for his inexhaustible stock of patience and self confidence he would probably have abandoned art entirely. He sold his first picture for 2 guineas and later on earned for a short time a couple of pounds weekly for a woodcut which he supplied to a comic paper. This modest salary coming to a stop, he was at his wits' end to know what to do. He applied to a troupe of minstrels for an engagement as zither player, but in vain, and then took to designing carpets. For some years he battled with poverty, achieving no success until he obtained employment on a weekly illustrated journal.—London Globe.

First Oil Well.

In the year 1859 E. L. Drake of Titusville, Pa., drove the first oil well. Like other pioneers, he was regarded as a dreamer or a fool, and people laughed at the idea of tapping a subterranean oil lake. It was only by pretending that he was in search of a bed of salt that he was able to get drillers to work for him. When the borer had reached a depth of about seventy feet Drake found his anticipations realized, and he was the possessor of an oil well which, with the aid of a hand pump, yielded him twenty-five barrels a day.—New York American.

Malacca Sticks.

The most costly walking sticks come from the Malay archipelago, and the most highly prized stick is the malacca cane. To insure straightness these sticks are reared in glass tubes. A good malacca should be a yard long, not less than an inch in diameter at the upper end, perfectly straight and smooth and of a very dark chocolate color, slightly mottled. It should be used delicately, for the lacquer which gives it its beautiful gloss is easily chipped.—London Graphic.

But They Can.

Mrs. Muggins—When a girl is married she is apt to think her troubles are over. Mrs. Buggins—Yes; she does not seem to realize that things can go amiss with a Mrs.—Philadelphia Record.

Relief.

"My patience is taxed very often."

"Well, I notice you get relief in the usual way."

"What's that?"

"Swearing it off."—Baltimore American.

A SMALL BIRD.

But It Had a Mighty Swat When It Fell Dead Out of the Clouds.

W. M. Newsen tells of an amusing incident in which a dead duck displayed more activity than would a live one. The incident is as follows:

"We saw a small flock of broadbills approaching. They came directly for us, but unfortunately did not stop for our decoys. As they arrived almost over us we stood up and fired. I pulled on a nice plump looking drake. He started to fall, so I turned my second load loose rather promiscuously and then started to load up. Behind me Johnny was still shooting. Then Johnny yelled, and something hit me a mighty swat on the back of my neck, whereupon I tried to clean a big hunk of stone of its barnacles by means of my nose and front teeth. This may be pleasant to look upon, but it is not an enjoyable pastime.

"I had always liked Johnny, but the thought that he had hit me on the back of the neck and was now laughing was too much. I started for him with murder in my eye and a large driftwood stick in my hand. Johnny, still in fits of laughter, pointed behind me and mumbled some words about 'duck.' I looked around, and there behind me on the rocks was the same plump looking drake that I had shot at the first time. It was hard to realize that such a small bird had such a mighty swat.

"When Johnny had come out of his convulsions and I had picked the feathers out of my back hair we looked around a bit and found there were four dead broadbills, so I cheered up a bit. Johnny didn't need any cheering up."—Recreation.

HE WAS THANKFUL.

A Reporter Who Appreciated the Attentions of His Superior.

A reporter for a Philadelphia newspaper was sent up the state to act as staff correspondent in an important court trial. It was the reporter's first big out of town assignment, and his managing editor kept the telegraph wires busy with instructions and inquiries. For two days and two nights the reporter had received a dispatch from his office half hourly, and it began to get on his nerves.

At the end of the second day he worked until 2 o'clock in the morning, filed his last page of copy, received word that his story had been received, and he went to bed. Just as he was putting out the light the hotel porter appeared with the inevitable tray and the inevitable telegram. The reporter opened it and read:

"What time does court open in the morning?"

It was too much. He hated the sight of a telegram. He had been fleeing the curse of the dispatches only to have them pursue him to bed. He sat down and wrote to his office the most courteous answer he could compose:

"Court opens at 9 o'clock in the morning. It is now 3. Thank you for waking me in time."—Philadelphia Times.

Balzac's Way.

Jules Sandeau relates that one time while living in Paris Balzac locked himself up in his room for twenty-two days and twenty-two nights, refusing to see any one and keeping the curtains closed and the lights continually burning even in broad daylight. The only human being he saw during this time was his servant, whom he rang for when he felt the need of food and which he washed down with numerous cups of coffee. He would throw himself on his bed only when entirely exhausted from lack of sleep, and he remained in complete ignorance of what was transpiring outside, the state of the weather and even of the time and day of the week. He only freed himself from this voluntary captivity when he had written the word "End" on the last page of the manuscript he began when he entered his prison.

Coral That Shocks.

On the coast of the West Indian islands a curious kind of coral is found, called "millepoca." This has a most extraordinary property which makes the people who know it very shy of handling it. The moment you pick up a piece a sort of electric thrill runs through you and an agonizing pain shoots through your jaws. You feel as if every tooth and every nerve and muscle connected with them was burning. The acute pain lasts generally for about half an hour and slowly passes off, but the effects do not disappear entirely for hours. The reason of this curious shock or poisoning is a mystery.

Not Dangerous.

"Madam, I thought I would tell you I met your husband awhile ago, as I heard he had started from home to kill a man he quarreled with."

"Oh, sir, tell me—was my poor William shot?"

"No, madam. Your poor William was only half shot."—Baltimore American.

Depressing Sights.

If there is anything more depressing than rain falling on an overturned tombstone or the sight of a dining room table covered with dirty dishes, what is it?—Atchison Globe.

He Knew.

Teacher—Now, Willie, tell us one of the principal events in Roman history and mention the date. Willie—Mark Antony went to Egypt cos he had a date with Cleopatra.—Harper's Bazar.

If you would hit the target aim a little above it. Every arrow that flies feels the attraction of earth.—Longfellow.

W. C. Martin, Attorney.

In the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, holding Probate Court. No. 17982, Administration. This is To Give Notice: That the subscriber, of the State of Pennsylvania, has obtained from the Probate Court of the District of Columbia Letters of Administration on the estate of Stephen D. Ford, late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 13th day of April, A. D. 1912; otherwise they may by law be excluded from all benefit of said estate.

Given under my hand this 17th day of April, 1911.

Maggie F. Woolfalk.

Care W. C. Martin, 503 D St. N. W. Attest: James Tanner, Register of Wills for the District of Columbia. Clerk of the Probate Court. W. C. Martin, Attorney.

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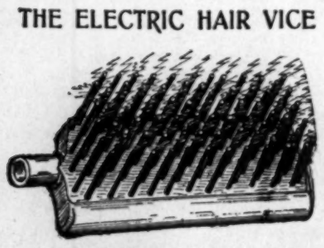

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Send for one to-day, as I will only send out one thousand (1000) copies

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Paying the Doctor.

Some American doctors are in favor of the contract system for medical service, but they are still a long way from the Chinese scheme of stopping the doctor's salary when the patient falls ill. The writer knows a New Yorker who says that if ever he is threatened with an operation he will ask the surgeon what it is going to cost. Then he will hand him the amount at once with the assurance that the fee goes whether the operation comes off or doesn't. He reasons that the doctor will then have no possible temptation if it comes to a toss up whether to operate or take a chance. —New York Press.

A Rabelais Hoax.

Rabelais, being out of money, once tricked the police into taking him from Marseilles to Paris on a charge of treason. He made up some packages of brick dust and labeled them "Poison for the royal family." The officers took Rabelais 700 miles only to be told at the end of their journey that it was April 1 and the affair was a hoax. Of course, as Rabelais was the privileged wit of the royal family, he was forgiven.

Altogether Different.

Suitor—I have come to ask you for your daughter's hand. Father—Well, the fact is we are pretty crowded here as it is, and I— Suitor—Oh, I intend to take her away from home if I marry her! Father—Oh, well, in that case— But you did give me an awful start, my boy.—Boston Transcript.

A Lovers' Quarrel.

"Hello, Fitzy! Where did you get that black eye?"

"Oh, it was only a lovers' quarrel."

"Lovers' quarrel! Why, your girl did not give you that, did she?"

"No; it was her other lover."

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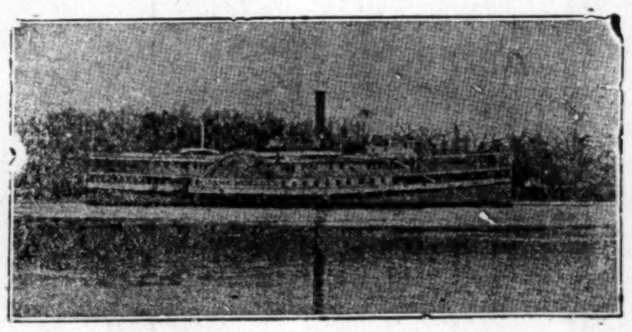

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The Parisians Have a Process by Which Whole Wheat Grain Is Used.

Parisian bread is made without flour in a machine that transforms the wheat into dough. The machine consists mainly of a large screw turning loosely in a case on whose inner surface is a screw thread running in an opposite direction.

Between the main threads on the cylinder are smaller threads, and the depth of the groove grows progressively smaller from one end to the other, so that it will hold the entire wheat grain as it enters the machine and will accommodate only the pulverized wheat at the exit.

The wheat is prepared by a thorough washing, after which about a pint of tepid water to a pound of grain is added, and the whole is allowed to stand about six hours. At the end of this time the grains of wheat have swollen to double their ordinary size. It is then mixed with the yeast and salt and poured into the maching. It falls between the threads of the moving screw and of the fixed contrary screw, which simultaneously crush the envelope and body of the grain, making of them a homogeneous mixture which forms a smooth paste.

Bread obtained by this process contains a succession of holes whose size increases as they approach the crust, which is thin. The odor given off is most agreeable and far more pronounced than that of ordinary baker's bread. —Chicago Tribune.

The Florin.

The florin, one of the most famous of modern coins, originated in Florence. Some say that it gave the name to the city, while others assert that it was first so called because it had on it a flower de luce, from the Italian florone, or flower, for the same reason that an English silver piece is called a crown or certain gold pieces in France indifferently a napoleon or a louis or the ten dollar gold piece in America an eagle. Two countries, Austria and Holland, have retained the florin as a unit of monetary value, taking it at a time when it was very universal in Europe, its usage having been rendered general by the financial supremacy of the little states of northern Italy and the imperfect coinage system of the other countries of the continent.

Reputations.

"The autocrat," remarked the recondite person, "made a remark the import of which escaped me until the other day. He said, 'Many a man has a reputation because of the reputation he expects to have some day.'"

"That's not a half bad remark," suggested the practical person, "but my son—just out of college, you know, and in the habit of thinking humpbacked thoughts, as it were—said something only this morning that appealed to me. 'Some men,' he said, 'get a reputation and keep it; other men get a reputation and make it keep them.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Rare Self Control.

"He's a remarkable man. When he sees an unfamiliar word he looks it up in the dictionary and finds out what it means."

"Nothing so remarkable about that."

"Yes, but he doesn't try to lug it into conversation right away."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Her Composition.

"How could he have married that termagant wife of his? I don't see what she was made of."

"That is the answer. She was maid of money."—Baltimore American.

Easily Remembered.

Walter—Beg pardon, sir, but the gentleman at this table usually remembers me. Mr. McTavish—I've nae doot o' that, ma mannie. Why, you're quite a comic.—London Telegraph.

Who has deceived thee as often as thyself?—Franklin.

Robert H. Keyes Dead.

Mr. Robert H. Keyes, for a number of years in business in this city and subsequently moved to Maryland, died at his farm last week, and was buried last Monday. Mr. Keyes, was an active Republican and a man well known in this city and Maryland. He left considerable property, real and personal, which will be divided among his half sisters.

Read The Bee.

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